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Republican National Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
BENJIMAN HARRISON,
OF INDIANA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
WHITELAW REID,
OF NEW YORK.

Republican State Ticket

JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT,
JOHN DEAN. (of Blair.)

CONGRESSMEN-AT-LARGE,
ALEXANDER McDOWELL,
of Mercer,
WILLIAM LILLY, (of Carbon.)

ELECTORS-AT-LARGE.

WILLIAM WOOD, (of Philadelphia.)
B. F. JONES, (of Allegheny.)
J. FRANCIS DUNLAP, (of Lancaster.)
WILLIAM H. SAWYER, (of Delaware)

THE Republican of the First Maine district know when they have a good thing. Hon. Thomas B. Reed was nominated for Congress by accamation.

GROUND has been purchased in Altoona, at a cost of $1,000, for the new Beech Creek depot and the entire right of way from Houtzdale to Altoona has been secured.

A WEEKLY newspaper is now being issued from the office of the Altoona *Daily Gazette*. Its sure to meet the wants of the reading public and reflects credit upon the management in its make up.

DEMOCRATIC ballot-box stuffers in Newark N. J., are being hustled off to prison. The other day a struck jury was ordered for one of them, Thomas Molley, who had been a Pinkerton watchman at Homestead and had been severely wounded.

PROBABLY we will not have any war with Canada any more than we had with Chilli, but probably Canada will allow American vessels to go through the Welland Canal on the same terms as do Canadian vessels, as she is bound by treaty to do.

THE Michigan Supreme Court has declared unconstitutional the gerrymander which looked to stealing the State legislature for the Democrats. Justice and equity are overturning many of the Democratic plans for fraudulent United States Senators.

JUDGE CULBERSON, of Texas, appeared defore the Appropriations Committee of the House to ask for an appropriation for the Texas flood suffers. But the judge is opposed to the Worlds Fair appropriation because it is "agin the Constitooshun." It makes a difference where an appropriation hits.

DON M. DICKINSON has reconsidered his determination to be a United States Senator from Michigan since the Supreme Court of the State has declared the Democretic gerrymander unconstitutional. He is now considering taking a place in Cleveland's Cabinet, in return for his pernicious activity at the Chicago convention. By next November he will be reconciled to accepting most any stray job of statesmanship that can be had.

MRS. ANNIE L. DIGGS, the well-known lecturer and writer on Woman Suffrage, Temperance, and Farmers' Alliance, has written a paper on "Women in the Alliance Movement." She explains the social conditions which made the present movement inevitable, and why women from the first have played such an important part in the agitation. She gives a vivid pen picture of prominent women in the movement, with six illustrations of leading women, including a full page picture of Mrs. Mary A. Lease, popularly called the "Jona of Arc" of the Peoples's Party.

THE word from New York is that any promise it is necessary to give to insure the support of Tammany Cleveland is willing to give. His desires were indicated in his remarks to a Tammany club the other evening—"I am a Democrat among Democrats." The elaborate and ostentatious gesture with which he is just now putting away from him the busy-body Mugwump who took a bolting New York delegation to Chicago in his support, is very dramatic and indicates the pitiful subserviency of himself and his party to the corrupt Tammany machine. He knows, as every Democrat, that no Democrat can be elected President of the United States without the votes of Tammany.

—Philipsburg is suffering from a stagnation in the coal business.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON AUG. 15, '92

Capt. T. H. McKee, Assistant Secretary of the National Republican Committee, is now quartered in the same building with the Congressional campaign committee, and he has more than a half a hundred assistants hard at work mailing documents.

Secretary McPherson, of the Congressional committee, who is a veteran of many campaigns, is at present acting in an advisary capacity to Capt. McKee, and the two "Mc's" make a strong team; but a little later on he will give his undivided attention to the Congressional districts which are marked doubtful on the little list he keeps. Mr. McPherson knows how to be silent in nineteen languages about the work upon which he is engaged, but he told your correspondent that he thought the prospect for wresting the House from the democrats was good and improving all the time.

Capt. McKee says the following are the documents which he is sending out the largest number of; "Better Dead Than Homeless," "Free Traders Unveiled," "A Farmer's Appeal to Farmers," "Farm Mortgages not an Evidence of Distress," "Farm Implements Abroad," "The A. B, C, of the Tariff," "How Protection Increased the Nation's Wealth," The Traiff Riddle: A Key There to," "Where I Spent My Money After All," "American Ideas Conquer," "Representatives D. B. Henderson On the False Cry of a Billion Dollar Congress," "A Town Built up by Protection," and Ingersoll's "Why I am a Republican," Capt McKee also edits the "National bulletin" of which thousands are sent out each week. The republican campaign text book will be ready about Sept. 1st, and already orders for an enormous number are booked.

The greed of the great wells-Fargo Express company compelled the Government to make at its own risk the recent shipment of $20.000.000 in gold, from San-Francisco, and it may result in transferring a very profitable line of business from the express companies to the Government the transportation of large sums of Government money. The United States made that shipment of gold from San-Francisco to New York for about $5,500 less than the Wells-Fargo company charged for doing it, and it may be that the express companies will not be asked to do such work in the future. Not long ago $3.500—more than the cost of bringing $20.000.000 across the continent--for carrying $7.000.000 in gold from Philadelphia to New York, a job that was completed in a little more than two hours.

The change in the British administration has caused a delay in setting a date for the meeting of the International monetary conference, but the State department is advised unofficially that it will be one of the first matters to be taken up and disposed of by the new Gladstone Government, so that the delay in fixing a date is not likely to be a long one. Only two of those selected by the President to be United States Commissioners to the conference—Senators Allison and Jones—have formally accepted their appointments, there are no reasons for expecting any of the others to decline to serve, although the point has been raised by an outsider that neither Senators nor Representatives are elligible to act as commissioners at this conference, but nothing is thought of this in official circles.

The G. A. R. encampment committee will spend about $75,000 in the erection of barracks for the accomodation of the veterans who do not engage their own sleeping quarters, and while the committee does not undertake to supply food it proposes to make arrangements that will result in good food at reasonable prices for those who will occupy the barracks, and it will also provide a place of safe keeping for the baggage of the old soldiers, which the committee hopes will be confined to articles absolutely necessary.

FRED. D. MUNNEY, in the correspondence, epitomizes the record of the two last Congresses as follows:

Appropriation by Republican Fiftyfirst Congress first session. $463,000,000: second session. $525,000,000. Total "billion-dollar Congress." 988,000,000.

Appropriations by present "economical." "reform" Democratic Fifty-second Congress, first session, $509,000,000.

Excess of appropriation by Democratic "economist' Congress over "profligate" Republican Fifty-first Congress in first session $54,000,000.

THE United States Government lent a million dollars to the New Orleans Exposition, which it never saw again and never will. In addition to this the Forty-eighth Congress at its second session appropriated outright $300,000 to pay the debts of the enterprise. This was a fine gratuity to the enterprise.

It is interesting to note among the South names of those who voted for this gift on February 27,1885, the names of Representatives Blanchard of Louisiana; Crisp of Georgia; Dockery, of Missouria; Forney and Herbert, of Alabama; McMillin of Tennessee; G. D. Wise of Virginia, and other prominent Southern Democrats who are just now very vociferons in opposition to the appropiation for the World's Fair.

O'DONNEL TALKS.

Hugh O'Donnel was in Boston last week in speaking to a reporter about the Homestead trouble he said regarding the lockout—it has just begun, and the end is not in sight. The iron and steel workers do not desert the field of battle in a day, week or month. The Carnegie Company may have 1,000 men or more, but that does not make it that the union workers are defeated.

"It requires much skill and practice to make a competent workman, and one incompetent man can put the Carnegies to a great deal of loss and trouble. Even when there was peace at the Homestead works, the absence of one man would throw things out of joint and cause much inconvenience all around. In these works, where machinery plays such an important part, every man has his place, and his absence has the same effect as the breaking of a cog or wheel."

Mr. O'Donnell seemed to be perfectly unconcerned about his arrest, and stated that he thought the arrests were made with the hope that the rank and file would become frightened and surrender to Carnegie and Frick unconditionally. "The arrest of myself and others," he said, "is regarded as a persecution, and these moves of the Company to intimidate the presumably weakkneed are having the same effect that all persecutions have; they have edified the men and made them more determined than ever to win. As for myself I have no concern. It can be proven that I counseled peace and did everything that lay within my power to prevent violence. Even the Pinkerton men acknowledge this, and some of them have thanked me personally for the part I played.

"So far as the charge that the men of Homestead do not know where I am is concerned, all that can be said is that I am in daily communication with the Advisory Committee and receive reports from it daily as to the progress of the contest. My mission will keep me in Boston for a week, and after that I shall make a tour of the New England States."

Mr. O'Donnell denied that he had suggested placing a boycott on the product of the Carnegie Steel and Iron Company, or ordering a sympathetic strike among any of the trades. "We believe," he said, "that we shall win this fight because support, moral and financial, throughout the civilized world is being given us. Money has already been sent to Homestead from Europe, and more is to come."

Regarding the political effect of the strike he said: "This deplorable affair should not be dragged into politics under any circumstances. Four years ago I worked and voted for Harrison, for I am a Republican in politics and have been a believer in the McKinley bill. The outcome of this lockout will perhaps determine whether or not I shall continue an adherent of Mr. McKinley."

PROTECTION PROVED.

(GOV. WILLIAE MCKINLEY. JR.)

If protection is a real injury to the American people, some evidence of it should be at hand—something which we might see and feel and know. The individual citizen should know it from personal realization· he should know it from increased prices of the neces aries of life, from scanty employment, and still scantier wages. But whatever knowledge comes to him from his own actual experience gives him no realizing sense that protection is a burden, but, on the contrary, a blessing and a benefit.

Tried by any test, measured by any standard, we lead all the rest of the world. Protection has vindicated itself. It cannot be helped by eulogy nor hurt by defamation. It has werked out its own demonstration, and presents in the sight of the whole world its matchless trophies. It cannot be cried down by false names or injured by offensive epithets, nor can it any longer suffer from falsehood or the forbodings of the false prophet. It has triumphed over all its traducers at home and abroad. It has made the lives of the masses of our countrymen sweeter and brighter, and has entered the homes of Americ carrying comfort and cheer and courage. It gives a premium to human energy, and awakens the noblest aspirations in the breast of men. Our own experience shows that it is best for our citizenship and our civilization, and opens up a higher and better destiny for our people. The day of repentance will come when we have made a change.

THE PARTY OF GERRYMANDERS.

The Democratic party, in its lust for power, overreaches itself. In the last two or three years it has come into possession of a number of legislatures of Northern States, by unfortuitous circumstances and demagogic use of temporary State issues. Thus ensconced, it has sought to enact legislation that would perpetuate its control of these Northern States. The result has been some of the most shameless and flagrant gerrymanders in the history of politics.

In Michigan the State was redistricted for both senators and representatives in the legislature in such a way as to trample upon and ignore all the rights of the Republican majority in the State, and the State was redistricted for Congressional purposes by a gerrymander. So clumsily and heedlessly was the legislative gerrymander constructed that the Supreme Court of the State, by a unanimous opinion of both Republican and Democratic judges has decided it to be unconstitutional. Democratic journals, even, are visiting condemnation upon the reckless disregarded of rights by their party in Michigan, and some of them are brave enough to point the injustice and bad policy of Democratic gerrymanders in other States.

In Wisconsin there is a scarcely less objectionable enactment which is to be tested in the courts. Missouri, Indiana and Maryland, and nearly all the Southern States, are equally burdened. Indiana was gerrymandered to prevent the return of Benjamin Harrison to the United States Senate, and has remained so ever since.

The Tammany Board of Aldermen of New York City have, however, eclipsed all other gerrymanders in their redistricting of the city for members of the legislature. Out of thirty districts they have contorted the lines of division so as to leave Tammany what is called a fighting chance in twenty-nine and a sure thing in at least twenty-three. The New York gerrymander has been tried in the courts and it has technical flaws in it as well as equitable objections that has led the court to declare it unconstitinal although a majority of the court were democrats.

The only Republican enactment the Democrats can find to object to as a set-off to this array of Democratic inquity is the Congressional apportionment act passed by the Ohio legislature last winter to correct the Democratic gerrymander of two years before, by which William McKinley, Jr., was shut out of Congress. This provides for sixteen Republicans and five Democrats in Congress on a normal vote If the State were to go Democratic by ten thousand plurality the probability is that it would return eleven Democratic Congressmen to ten Republicans. In the vote under the Democratic opportionment which returned fourteen Democrats and seven Republicans to the present Congress from Ohio, and which the present law repeals, the Republican plurality on the total vote for Congressmen in the State was 40,000. The device was planned to return one more Democrat and one less Republican, but it slipped a cog. Major McKinley, put in a district with a normal Democratic plurality of 2,900, was defeated by less than 700 plurality and was next year easily made Governor of the State. In his inaugural address he called attention to the injustice and unfairness of political gerrymanders; and the Republican legislature, taking him at his word, has sought to redistrict the State justly and fairly.

JUDGE GRESHAM WILL SPEAK FOR THE PEOPLE'S PARTY

The following dispatch appeared in all the morning papers of Friday, Auguest 12, as it relates to Judge Gresham who has always been a Republican, and at one time a prominent condidate, of our party for President. He was also a candidate of the People's Party at their late convention at Omaha, and could have had the nomination and although repeatedly urged he positively refused to accept it was thought by many republicans, that he was still true to his past record but this dispatch sets all such conclusions at naught it says: The national people's party headquarters to-day were alive with enthusiastic workers, all of whom were jubilant over a telegram received, and its contents verified by a letter to the effect that Judge Gresham had concluded to take the stump in the interest of the third party and that he would make his opening speech at Indianapolis during the latter part of this month. Chairman Taubeneck received this intelligence from the chairman of the state committee of Indiana, to whom Judge Gresham had written declaring his intentions and setting forth his reasons for making a campaign in the interest of General Weaver. In his report to the national headquarters the chairman of the state committee of Indiana states that Judge Gresham in apprising them of his intentions informed him by letter that he did not refuse the presidential nomination because he was not in sympathy with the party, but for a reason that was entirely personal and not political.

SHORT TATIFF SERMON.

On Immigration.

Thousands of immigrants come to the United States every year.

Why do you think they come here? In order to earn starvation wages to be deprived of their earnings by "Tariff-monopolists," to be taxed for the benefit of the "robber-barons?"

No, they come here because experience at home, under the slavery of the European wage-system, has taught them that only in this country of high wages and prosperity, of contentment and Protection, is the laborer worthy of his hire.

Only in this land of "taxes" has he an adequate scope for the exercise of the faculties with which nature has blessed him, only here can he own his own home, furnish it in comfort and educate his children to be good and patriotic citizens.

Immigrations is thus the best possible tribute to the benefits of Protection, a mute but eloquent index of American progress under the American system.

Immigrants did not flock here in Free-Trade periods. They remained in their own countries, because the pauper standard which Free-Trade entails was not a sufficiently strong inducement to bring them here. Pauper wages can be earned just as well at home as abroad.

But when Protection again triumphed, when our mills and factories again hummed with life and action, when plenty again blessed the land, then the masses of Europe again knocked at our doors and asked us to share with them our abundance.

Immigration we do not advocate. Restrict it if you please, prohibit it if you can. But never lose sight of the fact that immigration woulnot [illegible] ble us if we were poor.

When Free-Trade begins the gates of Castle Garden will swing outward instead of inward Under that system immigration stops. Emigration takes its place.

NATIONAL REVENUE INCREASING.

Just before the new tariff act went into effect importers took occasion to order enormous stocks of goods, which came in under the old rates. The revenues for September, 1890, were tremendous After the law went into effect in October imports fell off and the customs revenue was largely decreased.

The great stocks of goods thus imported to discount the effect of the new law and enable importers to make a big profit by charging "McKinly prices" on goods that had not come in under the McKinley act have now been about used up, and the market is resuming its normal condition. Consequently the customs duties are largely increasing. On Tuesday of this week they amounted to $900,000, or about double the usual figures. This increase for one day is likely to be followed up, and the receipts of customs for September will probably exceed considerably the receipts for August.

The democrats need not worry about a "deficit" in the national treasury. The only way they can make one is by electing another democratic House and a democratic President, and that is something beyond their ability.

REPRESENTATIVE. ENLOE. (Dem.) Tenn, inugurated an investigation of the Pension Bureau as administred under Gen. Green B. Raum. Enloe has been proclaiming loud and long the rotten state of things he found theire, and has gloried in bullying and brow beating all sorts of witnesses in the case trying to get them to testify to substatiate his charges. The only thing developed in the investigation was the fact that Democratic Congressmen had been using their Congressional privilege to get information from the Pension Bureau, which was sold to pension agents. Finally Mr. Enlo came into the House with his report, drank numerous cups of tea and started to make a speech. The Democratic House was so thoroughly disgusted with the whole thing that it declined to allow Enloe to finish his speech, and proceeded to other business without acting on the report, thus shelving the report and Enloe indefinitely.

Senator Carlisle admits that wages were higher, cost of living less and prices of farm products higher in May, 1892, after the passage of the McKinley law, than in June, 1889, before the passage of the McKinley law. He is bound to admit it because, having taken part in an exhaustive investigation of the subject, he found it to be the fact. The best argument this ablest of the free-traders can find, in face of these stunning facts, is that it would have been the same had the McKinley law not been passed. The people are not disposed to dally with what might be.

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

The Illinois militia has a bicycle corps.

It is believed China has 20 times as much coal as all Europe.

Atlanta is to have a park for colored people exclusively.

A man in Salmon Falls, Mass., has double teeth all around.

Sixty dollars is the yearly salary of the Mayor of Sweet Springs, Mo.

One thousend and seventy-eight acres constitute an orchard in Kansas.

Eight Indiana counties bear the names of heroes of the battle of Tippecanoe.

The name of Minnesota is from the Indian Minisotah, meaning "colored water."

The cavalry brigade of the Salvation Army has been disbandad by Gen. Booth.

The name of a lake in Massachusetts is Chargoggagoggmanchauggogagungamaugg.

The Lick telescope magnifies 700 times and brings Mars to within a range of 50,000 miles.

Of the fires of 1891 64 per cent. were due to lamps and only 5 per cent. to electricity.

The total value of matches made yearly throughout the world represents a sum of $185.000,000.

Carriages fitted up with electric lamps were used by speakers during the late English elections.

A medal won by DeSoto, the discoverer of the Mississippi river, will be exhibited at the World's Fair.

Rousseau wrote the "Emile" at 50, after sending five of his own children to the foundling asylum.

Allen Milton Browning, of Huntingdon, W. Va., is 60 years old, has been married 6 times and has 67 children.

The aggregate wealth of the United States is placed at $63,648,000,000, and that of Great Britain at $50,000,000,000.

The heat was so intense in Madrid about a month ago that birds dropped from the trees and died in the streets.

Probably the heaviest rudder on record is that made for the torpedo boat Vulcan. It was forged in a single piece and weighs 22 tons.

Vermont was also a descriptive name, being formed from two French words, 'verd' and 'mont,' meaning green mountains.

A Mississippi man who brought suit against a railroad company for the value of a ticket which he bought and was unable to use, won his case.

Mineralogists now exploring Northern Thibet claim to have discovered valuable mines of gold and many varieties of the richest precious stones.

A silver quarter dollar of 1827 is valued at $40, while the issue of 1823 is worth $20. Twenty-cent pieces of 1877 and 1878 are marketable at $1 each.

It is stated that in the last six months 150 people have been killed by cars in Chicago, and 450 persons were permanently disabled from the same cause.

Joseph Colwell, of Birmingham, Conn., wants a wife and offers to marry any good looking girl who will make a balloon ascension with him on August 19.

A man in New Orleans wore a card with the word "Yes" on during the recent hot spell, and, in consequence, no one asked him if it was hot enough for him.

A Parisian meteorologist has written a book of 300 pages to prove that the electricity of thunder storms is caused by the friction of rain drops on hail stones.

Tennessee is supposed to have been named from Tenas See, one of the chief villages of the Cherokee Indians, which was located on the banks of the Tennessee river.

The most powerful and heaviest gun in the world weighs 135 tons, is 40 feet in length and has a 13½-inch bore. Its range is 11 miles, with a projectile weighing 1,800 pounds.

Col. John B. Groham, of Dahlonega, Ga., received a check the other day for $250 from a man to whom he had loaned the sum over 40 years ago, and who now lives in British Columbia.

One man in Wicomico county, Md., on the eastern shore, shipped this season nearly 22,000 quarts of huckleberries in a single week, and a near neighbor of his shipped nearly as many.

A Cincinnatian has a pair of 2-months old fox terriers which are curiosities. While their heads, bodies and hind legs are all perfectly formed, neither of the puppies has any sign of forelegs.

Among some young Salmon fry hatched in the hatchery on the River Deveron there were found two fishes joined together at the back fin, from which there is only one body to the tail. Both heads are perfect.

When seeds are at their best and the conditions for germination good it is surprising how long a way a little weight will go. As many as 5,000 plants have been obtained from a single ounce of onion seed.

Women mostly commit suicide by drowning, and men by shooting. Suicide is less common among miners than any other class of people; and self-destruction is said to be most prevalent among soldiers.

What is called the "vegetable boa constrictor" a species of climber which, it is said by romancers, twines about great trees so tightly as to strangle them to death, is claimed to have been discovered in India.

The English of our day is considered by high authority almost perfect, alike for the purpose of the orator, the philosopher, the lecturerer and the poet. The purest English is said to be spoken in Lincolnshire.

An Albino lobster, a rare and remarkable specimen, was recently found in a [illegible] go of lobsters from New Brunswick was bluish white in color, and was sent to Washington to the U[illegible] Fish Commission.

CORA, THE OCTOROON.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER I.

CORA.

The last notes of a favorite waltz resounded through the splendid saloons of Mrs. Montresor's mansion in Grosvenor Square; sparkling eyes and glittering jewels flashed in the lamplight; the rival queens of rank and beauty shone side by side upon the aristocratic crowd; the rich perfumes of exotic blossoms floated on the air; brave men and lovely women were met together to assist at the farewell ball given by the wealthy American, Mrs. Montresor, on her departure for New Orleans with her lovely niece, Adelaide Horton, whose charming face and sprightly manners had been the admiration of all London during the season of 1860.

The haughty English beauties were by no means pleased to see the sensation made by the charms of the vivacious young American, whose brilliant and joyous nature contrasted strongly with the proud and languid daughters of fashion who intrenched themselves behind a barrier of icy reserve, which often repelled their admirers.

Adelaide Horton was a gay and light-hearted being. Born upon the plantation of a wealthy father, the cries of beaten slaves had never disturbed her infant slumbers; for the costly mansion in which the baby heiress was reared was far from the huts of the helpless creatures who worked sometimes sixteen hours a day to swell the planter's wealth. No groans of agonized parents torn from their unconscious babes; no cries of outraged husbands, severed from their newly-wedded wives, had ever broken Adelaide's rest. She knew nothing of slave-trade; as at a very early age the planter's daughter had been sent to England for education. Her father had died during her absence from America, and she was thus left to the guardianship of an only brother, the present possessor of Horton Ville, as the extensive plantation and magnificent country-seat was called.

On Adelaide attaining her eighteenth year, her aunt, Mrs. Montresor, an inhabitant of New York, and the widow of a rich merchant, had crossed the Atlantic at Augustus Horton's request, for the purpose of giving her niece a season in London, and afterward escorting her back to Louisiana.

She found Adelaide all that her most anxious relatives could have wished—elegant, accomplished, fashionable, well-bred; a little frivolous, perhaps, but what of that, since her lot in life was to be a smooth and easy one. Mrs. Montresor was delighted, and expressed her gratification very warmly to the Misses Beaumont, of West Brompton, in whose expensive but fashionable seminary Adelaide had been educated.

In an ante-chamber leading out of the crowded ball-room—an ante-chamber where the atmosphere was cool, and where the close neighborhood of a fountain plashing into its marble basin in an adjoining conservatory refreshed the wearied ear, two young men lounged lazily upon a satin-covered couch, watching the dancers through the open ball-room door.

The first of these young men was a South American, Mortimer Percy, the partner of Augustus Horton, and the first cousin of the planter and his pretty sister Adelaide.

Mortimer Percy was a handsome young man. His fair curling hair clustered round a broad and noble forehead; his large clear blue eyes sparkled with the light of intellect, his delicate aquiline nose and chiseled nostrils bespoke of the refinement of one who was by nature a gentleman; but a satirical expression spoilt an otherwise beautiful mouth, and an air of languor and weariness pervaded his appearance. He seemed one of those who have grown indifferent to life, careless alike of its joys and sorrows.

His companion contrasted strongly with him in both appearance and manner. With a complexion bronzed by exposure to Southern suns, with flashing black eyes, a firm but flexible mouth, shaded with a silky raven mustache, and thick black hair brushed carelessly back from his superb forehead, Gilbert Margrave, artist, engineer, philanthropist, poet, seemed the very type of manly energy.

The atmosphere of a crowded ball-room appeared unnatural to him. The daring spirit was out of place amidst the narrow conventionalities of fashionable life; the soaring nature needed wide savannas and lofty mountain tops, distant rivers and sounding waterfalls, the artist and poet mind sighed for the beautiful—not the beautiful as we see it in a hot-house flower, imprisoned in a China vase, but as it lurks in the gigantic cup of the *Victoria regia* on the broad bosom of the mighty Amazon.

But Gilbert Margrave was one of the lions of 1860. An invention in machinery, which had enriched both the inventor and the cottonspinners of Manchester, had made the young engineer celebrated, and when it was discovered that he belonged to a good Somersetshire family, that he was handsome and accomplished, an artist and a poet, invitations flocked in upon him from all the fashionable quarters of the West-end.

He had been silent for some time, his gaze riveted upon one of the brilliant groups in the ball-room, when Mortimer Percy tapped him lightly on the shoulder with his gloved hand.

"Why, man, what are you dreaming of?" he said, laughing; "what entrancing vision has enchained your artist glance? what fairy form has bewitched your poet soul? One would think you were amid solitudes of some forest on the banks of the Danube instead of a ball-room in Grosvenor Square. Confess, my Gilbert, confess to your old friend, and reveal the nymph whose spells have transformed you into a statue."

Gilbert smiled at his friend's sally. The two young men had met upon the Continent, and had traveled together through Germany and Switzerland.

"The nymph is no other than yonder lovely girl, talking to your cousin, Miss Horton," said Gilbert; "look at her, Mortimer, watch the graceful head, the silken raven hair, as she bends down to whisper to her companion. Is she not lovely?"

Few who looked upon the young girl of whom Gilbert Margrave spoke, could well have answered otherwise than in the affirmative. She was indeed lovely in the first blush of youth, with the innocence of an angel beaming in every smile; with the tenderness of a woman lying shadowed in the profound depths of her almond-shaped black eyes. Features, delicately molded and exquisitely proportioned; a tiny rosebud mouth; a Grecian nose; a complexion fairer than the ungathered lily hiding deep in an untrodden forest; it was difficult for the imagination of the poet, or the painter, to picture aught so beautiful.

"Is she not lovely?" repeated Gilbert Margrave.

The young South American put his head critically on one side, with the calculating glance with which a connoisseur in the fine arts regards a valuable picture. The used-up Mortimer Percy made it a rule never to commit himself by admiring anything, or anybody.

"Hum—ha!" he muttered thoughtfully; "yes, she's by no means bad-looking."

"By no means bad-looking!" cried Gilbert Margrave, impatiently; "you cold-hearted automaton, how dare you speak of womanly perfection in such a manner. She's an angel, a goddess—a siren—a—"

"You'll have an attack of apoplexy, Margrave, if you go on in this way," said Mortimer, laughing.

"Can you tell me who she is?"

"No. But I can do more. I can tell you *what* she is."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that your angel, your nymph, your goddess, your syren, is—a slave."

"A slave?" exclaimed Gilbert.

"Yes. The African blood runs in those purple veins. The hereditary curse of slavery hovers over that graceful and queen-like head."

"But her skin is fairer than the lily."

"What of that? Had you been a planter, Gilbert, you know, you would have been able to discover, as I did, when just now I stood close to that lovely girl, the fatal signs of her birth. At the extreme corner of the eye, and at the root of the finger nails, the South American can always discover the trace of slavery, though but *one drop* of the blood of the despised race tainted the object upon whom he looked."

"But this girl seems an intimate friend of your cousin, Adelaide; who can she be?" asked Gilbert.

"Yes, that is the very thing that puzzles me. Adelaide must be utterly ignorant of her origin, or she would never treat as a friend one who, on the other side of the Atlantic, would be her lady's-maid. But, hush, here comes my aunt, she will be able to tell us all about her guest."

Mrs. Montresor was still a handsome woman. She bore a family likeness to her nephew, Mortimer, who was the only son of her sister, while Adelaide and Augustus Horton were the children of her brother. Her fair ringlets had, as yet, escaped the hand of Time. No tell-tale streaks of gray had stolen amid the showering locks. Her blue eyes were as bright as those of a girl, and shone with the light of good humor and benevolence. She was not only a handsome woman, she was a lovable one. The young Indian instinctively clung to her, and felt that within that ample bosom beat a kindly heart, which a long summer of prosperity had never rendered callous to the woes of others.

"Come, gentlemen!" she said gayly, as she approached the two friends; "this is really too bad! Here you are lolling on a sofa, 'wasting your sweetness on the desert air,' while I have, at least, half a dozen pretty girls waiting for eligible partners for the next waltz. As for you, Mortimer," she added, shaking her perfumed fan, threateningly, at her nephew; "you are really incorrigible; poor Adelaide does not even know you are here."

"I came in late, my dear aunt, and I saw that both you and my cousin were so surrounded by admirers, it was quite impossible to approach you."

"A pretty excuse, sir, which neither I nor Adelaide will accept," said Mrs. Montresor, laughing.

"And then, again, I wanted to have a chat with Gilbert."

"Out upon your gallantry, sir; you preferred talking to Mr. Margrave to dancing with your cousin and affianced bride?"

"I am not a very good dancer; I am apt to tread upon the ladies' lace flounces, and get my heels entangled in the spurs of young dragoons. I really thought my cousin would rather be excused."

"Indeed, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Montresor, evidently rather annoyed by her nephew's indifference, "I should not be surprised if Adelaide should one day ask to be excused from marrying you."

"Good gracious!" cried Mortimer, playing with his watch-chain; "do you think my cousin is not very violently in love with me?"

"Violently in love with you? coxcomb! But, joking apart, really, Mortimer, you are the coldest, most unpoetical, soulless creature I ever met with."

"My dear aunt," said Mortimer, apologetically, "I will freely own that I am not a very sentimental person. But what of that? My intended marriage with my cousin, Adelaide, is by no means a romantic affair. In the first place, Augustus Horton and I are partners. My marriage with his sister is therefore advisable, on the ground of commercial interests. That is reason number one, not very romantic to begin with. Reason number two is this: you have two nephews and one niece; you wish your favorite nephew (meaning me) to marry your niece, in order that one of these days, having no children of your own, you may leave them the bulk of your fortune. There's nothing particularly romantic in this. You say to the two young people, 'Marry,' and the two young people say, 'Very well, we're agreeable!' and behold the business is settled. Very advisable and very proper, no doubt, but not a subject for romance, my dear aunt."

"Bah, Mortimer, you're incorrigible; but I know that at the bottom of your heart you're very much in love with your pretty cousin, notwithstanding your pretended indifference."

"Come, then, my best of aunts. Forgive your most perverse of nephews, and answer me one question, for the benefit of Gilbert Margrave here, who has been bewitched by one of the lilies of your ball-room."

"Indeed, and pray who is the lady?"

"That is the very question we want you to answer," replied Mortimer, leading his aunt to the curtained doorway of the ball-room. "See, there she is, that dark-eyed girl talking to my cousin Adelaide."

"That is Miss Leslie."

"What Miss Leslie?"

"The daughter of Mr. Gerald Leslie of New Orleans."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mortimer.

"Yes. But you seem surprised."

"I am a little," replies the young man, thoughtfully; "I did not know Leslie had a daughter."

"But you see he has, since she is an intimate friend of Adelaide's."

"How did they become acquainted?"

"They were educated at the same school."

"Indeed. She is a very lovely girl, and you must be good enough to introduce us to her, by-and-by."

"Take care, Mortimer," said his aunt; "you are surely not going to fall in love with Miss Leslie."

"Not the least danger, my dear aunt. Though I would not say as much for poor Gilbert here."

"Pshaw! Mortimer," exclaimed the young artist, reddening: "it is the painter's privilege to admire beauty without loving it."

"No doubt of it, my dear boy," answered Mortimer; "but unfortunately, sometimes a certain rosy-legged gentleman, with a bow and arrows, called Cupid, steps in; the *painter* forgets his privilege, and the *man* falls in love with the artist's model."

"Well, I must leave you, gentlemen," said Mrs. Montresor; "I think I see Adelaide and Miss Leslie coming this way, so if you want an introduction to the young South American you must obtain it through my niece. *Au revoir*, naughty boys!"

"Stay; my dear aunt, you will forgive Mr. Margrave when I tell you that he is as determined an abolitionist as yourself, or any of your friends in New York. He means sailing for South America in a month, armed with some new inventions in machinery, which he declares ought to supersede slave labor."

"Yes, madam," said Gilbert, earnestly; "your nephew well knows my opinion upon this subject, and though his interests may be allied to the hateful barter, which should call a blush to the cheek of every honest American, I know that his heart is with us, the abolitionists of slavery."

"Let me shake hands with you, Mr. Margrave," exclaimed Mrs. Montresor; "I declare to you that so hateful to me is the slave-trade, and all connected with it, that were it not necessary for me to escort my niece home and assist at her marriage with this hare-brained boy, I would never again set foot upon the accursed soil of Louisiana; but I must not say more to you now, for here come the young ladies. Adelaide is but a child as yet, and has never thought seriously of the matter; while her brother, Augustus, like his father before him, is a determined advocate of slavery. Once more, adieu!" and the elegant, although portly, Mrs. Montresor glided from the room, her rich robes of sky-blue moire antique rustling around her.

"Gilbert," said Mortimer, hurriedly, as soon as his aunt was out of hearing, "remember, I beg, do not breathe to a mortal one hint of what I just now told you, with regard to Miss Leslie's origin. I suspect some painful mystery here, and I would not, for the world, that any idle talk of mine should cause this poor girl's gentle heart one throb of sorrow or one thrill of shame."

"You may rely upon me, Mortimer," exclaimed Gilbert, with enthusiasm. "My lips are sealed forever."

He had scarcely spoken, when the two young girls approached, arm-in-arm.

There was a marked contrast between the two friends. Young as Adelaide Horton was, she had already all the finished elegance and easy confidence of a woman of fashion. Frivolous, capricious, and something of a coquette, she was born to charm in a ball-room, and to shine in a crowd. Cora Leslie was a creature of an utterly different nature. Like some wild flower from the luxuriant forests of her native South she seemed destined to bloom with a sweeter perfume in loneliness. To blossom for the silent stars and the midnight skies; to expand her fairest petals to the sunshine of one loving heart.

"I do not care to see my cousin just now," said Mortimer, "so I will leave you, Gilbert, to make yourself agreeable to the young ladies, while I go and smoke a cigar in the balcony opening out of the conservatory."

The young man strolled through the curtained doorway, leading into the cool retreat as his cousin and her friend entered from the ball-room.

"Here, at least, my dear Cora, we shall be able to breath," said Adelaide, as the two girls approached Gilbert. "Ah, Mr. Margrave," she added, perceiving the young artist, "it is here, then, that you have been hiding yourself while a hundred lion-hunters have been trying to chase you. Cora, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Gilbert Margrave, engineer, artist, poet,—lion! Mr. Margrave, allow me to present to you Miss Cora Leslie, my friend, and the most elegant waltzer in my aunt's crowded assembly."

"I beg, Mr. Margrave," said Cora Leslie, "that you will not listen to Miss Horton's assertions; she only grants me this eulogy because she knows that she waltzes better than I."

"Will you permit me to be the judge of that, Miss Leslie?" said Gilbert, "and, in order that I may be so, grant me your hand for the next waltz?"

"Oh, yes, yes," cried Adelaide, laughing, "we'll waltz with you. I promise for Cora. Now, pray go back into the ball-room, Mr. Margrave, and satisfy those good people who are pining to stare you out of countenance, which is the only English tribute to genius. Go now, you shall summon Cora as soon as the first notes of the waltz strike up."

"*Au revoir*, Miss Leslie, till I come to claim your hand."

Gilbert bowed and left the ante-room, not without one enthusiastic glance at the innocent face of the fair Louisianian.

"There goes another of your admirers, Cora," cried Adelaide, as she flung herself into one of the luxurious easy-chairs, while Cora seated herself on a sofa, a few paces distant and laid her boquet of hot-house flowers on a tiny table at her side; "I declare, Miss Cora Leslie, that I begin to think that I did a very unwise thing in persuading my dear, good-natured aunt to give this farewell *reunion* to our English friends, for you had only to make your appearance in order to steal every admirer I have. It is a general desertion to the camp of the enemy. I should not wonder if Mortimer himself joined the renegades, and left me to sing willow for my inconstant swain."

"But I thought from what you told me, Adelaide," replied Cora, laughing, "that Mr. Percy was by no means a very enthusiastic or romantic person."

"Oh, no, indeed," said Adelaide, with an impatient sigh; "you are right there my dear Cora, never was there such a cold-hearted, matter-of-fact being as that cousin and future husband of mine. If he pays me a compliment, it is only an artful way of drawing attention to one of my defects, which, I will own, are rather numerous. If he ever utters an affectionate word, I always feel convinced that he is laughing at me. Imagine now, my dear Cora, was it not flattering to my womanly vanity to hear him say, when he arrived in London a month or two ago, after a separation of four years, 'My dear Adelaide, my aunt has taken it into her head that I and you ought to marry; I don't want to oppose her, and I suppose you don't either.'"

"And you replied—?"

"'Oh, no, my dear cousin; I've no objection to marry you. But pray don't ask anything else.'"

"But why did you give your consent?" asked Cora.

"I scarcely know. I am impetuous, rash, passionate, capable of doing even a wicked action when under the influence of some sudden impulse. I am daring enough, Heaven knows, but there is one species of courage that I lack—the courage which gives the power of resistance. I could not oppose my aunt. Has she not been the tenderest of mothers to me? Besides, I did not love any one else, or at least—Why abandon myself to dreams that can never be realized? Again, as the wife of my cousin Mortimer, I shall never be an exile from my dear native South. If you see me gay and happy, Cora, in spite of my approaching marriage, it is that I shall soon behold the blue skies of my beloved Louisiana."

"Forgive me, dearest Adelaide," said Cora Leslie, "but from a few words that escaped you just now, I fancy that I have a secret of your heart. Has Mr. Margrave by any chance made an impression in that quarter?"

"You are very inquisitive, miss," replied Adelaide, blushing; "Mr. Margrave is an accomplished young man, but his manner to me has never gone beyond the bounds of the most ceremonious politeness. Perhaps, indeed, had he betrayed any warmer sentiment toward me, I might— But do not, I implore you, force me to reflect, my dear Cora. Is it not decided that I am to marry Mortimer? I will present him to you this evening if he makes his appearance, and you shall tell me what you think of him."

"I am most impatient to see him," said Cora. "Tell me, dear Adelaide, did you ask him for tidings of my father?"

"Do not think me forgetful, dear Cora, but I had so much to say to him about my brother and my native country, that I forgot to make the inquiries you charged me with. There now, you are angry with me, I know; I can see it in your eyes."

"No, Adelaide, no!" answered Cora, "that which you see in my eyes is not anger, but anxiety. It is nearly three months since I have received any letter from my dear father, and this long silence is so unlike his affectionate consideration that it has filled me with alarm."

"Nay, my dear Cora, the cares of business no doubt have prevented his writing; or perhaps he is coming over to England, and wishes to give you a delightful surprise. Did you not tell me that Mr. Leslie meant to sell his plantation, and take up his abode in England? But here comes Mortimer, and you can yourself make all the inquiries you wish."

CHAPTER II.

THE FATAL RESOLVE.

The young planter strolled with a leisurely step through the doorway of the conservatory, bowing to the girls as he entered the room.

"At last!" exclaimed Adelaide; "so you have actually condescended to honor my aunt's assembly with your gracious presence, my dear cousin. Perhaps you were in hopes you would not see me."

"Perhaps you were in hopes I should not come," retorted the young man.

"On the contrary," said Adelaide, "I was awaiting you with impatience. But pray don't be alarmed, it was not on my own account, but on that of Miss Leslie that I wished to see you. My friend is anxious to ask you about her father."

"I was just about to beg you to introduce me to Miss Leslie," replied Mortimer.

"Mr. Mortimer Percy, cotton merchant and slave proprietor, my cousin and my future husband, as my aunt says—"

"Stop, Adelaide, this is no time for jesting," said Mortimer, gravely.

"Is your news bad then?" exclaimed his cousin.

"It is not altogether as favorable as I should wish."

"Oh, in Heaven's name, speak, Mr. Percy," cried Cora, pale with agitation, "what has happened to my father?"

"Reassure yourself, Miss Leslie," replied Mortimer, "when I left New Orleans your father was rapidly recovering."

"He has been ill, then?"

"He was wounded in a revolt of the slaves on his plantation."

"Wounded!" exclaimed Cora; "oh, for pity's sake do not deceive me, Mr. Percy! this wound—was it dangerous?"

"It was no longer so when I left Louisiana, I give you my honor."

Cora sank into a chair, and buried her face in her hands.

"You see, Adelaide," she murmured, after a few moments' silence, "my presentiments were not unfounded. Dearest father, and I was not near to watch and comfort you!"

Adelaide Horton seated herself by the side of her friend, twining her arm affectionately about Cora's slender waist.

"Strange," thought Mortimer Percy, as he watched the two girls, "one word from me, and my cousin would shrink from this lovely and innocent creature with loathing and disdain."

The prelude of a waltz resounded at this moment from the orchestra and Gilbert Margrave appeared to claim his partner.

"Ah!" exclaimed Adelaide, "it is you, Mr. Margrave! My poor friend has just heard some sad news."

"Sad news, Miss Horton!"

"Yes, there has been a revolt of the slaves, in which her father well nigh fell a victim. Thank Heaven, the result was less terrible than it might have been."

While Adelaide was speaking to Mr. Margrave, Mortimer Percy approached the chair on which Cora was seated, and bending over her for a moment said, in a low voice, "let me speak to you alone, Miss Leslie."

"Alone!" exclaimed Cora, with new alarm, then turning to Gilbert, she said calmly, "I trust that you will be so kind as to excuse me, Mr. Margrave, and ask Adelaide to favor you with her hand for the next waltz. I wish to speak to Mr. Percy about this sad affair."

"Cora insists upon it, Mr. Margrave," said Adelaide, "and you must therefore resign yourself. But remember," she added, turning to Cora, "that we only consent on condition that we find you smiling and altogether restored to good spirits on our return. Now, Mr. Mortimer Percy, after this I suppose you will leave off praising the virtue of your pet negroes."

"What would you have my dear cousin?" replied Mortimer; "when dogs are too violently beaten, they are apt to bite."

"They should be tied up then," retorted Adelaide as she took Gilbert's arm and hurried to the ball-room where the dancers were already whirling round in *valse a deux-temps*.

Cora rose as she found herself alone with the young planter, and no longer attempting to conceal her agitation, exclaimed, anxiously.

"And am I indeed to believe what you say, Mr. Percy; do you really mean that it is ill-usage which has urged my father's slaves to this revolt?"

"Alas, Miss Leslie," replied the young South American, "the planter finds himself between the horns of a terrible dilemma; he must either beat his slaves or suffer from their laziness. I will own to you that Mr. Leslie is not considered too indulgent a master; but he only follows the example of the greater number of our colonists. However it is not he, but his overseer who was the chief cause of this revolt. Your father would have interfered; in attempting to do so he was seriously wounded; but let me once more assure you that he was entirely out of danger when I left New Orleans."

"And did he give you no message for me—no letter?" asked Cora.

"No, Miss Leslie."

"What, not a word?"

"Your father did not know that I should see you," replied Mortimer, "and it is on this very subject that I wish to ask you a few questions; not prompted by any vain curiosity, believe me, but because you inspire me with warmest interest."

"Speak, Mr. Percy," said Cora, seating herself.

Mortimer drew a chair to the side of that on which Cora was seated, and placing himself near to her, said gravely.

"Tell me, Miss Leslie, in what manner do you usually receive your father's letters?"

"Through one of the correspondents who lives at Southampton."

"Then they are not directly addressed to you."

"They are not."

"Were you very young when you left Louisiana?"

"I was only five years old," replied Cora.

"So young! Your memory can recall nothing that occurred at that time, I suppose."

"Oh, yes," answered Cora;" but memories so confused that they seem rather to resemble dreams. But there is one recollection which no time can efface. It is of a woman, young, beautiful, who clasped me in her arms, sobbing as she strained me to her breast. I can still hear her sobs when I recall that scene."

"Has Mr. Leslie ever spoken to you of your mother?" asked Mortimer.

"Was it she?" cried Cora, eagerly.

"I do not know, Miss Leslie, for at that time I was still in England, where, like you, I received my education."

"Alas," exclaimed Cora, her beautiful eyes filling with tears, "who could it be if it was not her? No, Mr. Percy, I have never known even the poor consolation of hearing people speak of my mother. Every time I have ventured to address my father on the subject, he has replied in harsh and cold tones that have chilled my heart. All that I ever could learn was that she died young, at New Orleans. I dare not speak upon a subject which caused my poor father such painful emotions."

"But he has always evinced the greatest affection for you, Miss Leslie, has he not?" asked Mortimer.

"Oh, Mr. Percy," replied Cora, her eyes kindling with enthusiasm, "what father ever better loved his child. Every whim, every childish wish has been gratified, but one; alas, that one prayer he would never grant."

"And that prayer was—?"

"That I might join him in New Orleans. On his last visit to England, a year ago, I implored him to take me back with him; but he was deaf to all my entreaties. 'It is because I love you,' he said, 'that I refuse to take you with me;' perhaps it was the climate of Louisiana that he feared; that climate may have been the cause of my mother's death."

"I was sure of it," thought Mortimer, "she is entirely ignorant of her origin."

"All that I could obtain from him in answer to my prayers," continued Cora, "was a promise that this separation should be the last; that he would sell his plantation at the earliest opportunity, and come and establish himself in England."

"And since then," said Mortimer, "has he renewed that promise?"

"With reservations that made me tremble," replied Cora; "I fear that his affairs are embarrassed, and will detain him from me long after the promised time of our reunion."

"Alas, Miss Leslie, you are not deceived," said Mortimer, earnestly; "Mr. Leslie has experienced great losses. The death of Mr. Treverton, his partner, who was killed in a duel a year ago, at the very time of your father's return from England, revealed deficiencies that he had never dreamed of. He was obliged to have recourse to heavy loans; and since that, the revolt of his slaves, in damaging the harvest, has given the finishing blow to his difficulties."

"Then my father is ruined, Mr. Percy," cried Cora, clasping her hands: "oh, do not imagine that the aspect of poverty alarms me, it is not of myself that I think, but of him. What a life of anxiety and effort he has endured, in order to establish a position, which he only seemed to value on my account! Never has he allowed me to hear one expression of uneasiness drop from his lips; never has he denied the most extravagant of my caprices. Ah, if he but knew how gladly I would exchange all this worthless splendor for the happiness of sheltering my head upon his noble breast. If he could but tell how dear the humblest home would be to me after the long isolation of my youth. Who can tell now how long our separation may endure!"

"Nay, Miss Leslie," said Mortimer soothingly; "your father's position is far from being desperate, though he may require a long time and considerable courage in order to extricate himself from his difficulties."

"A long time! Some years, perhaps?" asked Cora.

"I fear so."

"And during this heart-rending struggle," exclaimed the young girl, "he will not have a creature near him to comfort or to sustain him. And if new dangers should menace him—for this revolt has been avenged by the blood of the slave-leaders, has it not?—and fresh cruelties may cause new rebellion. Oh, heaven! the thought makes me tremble! No, my father shall not be alone to struggle! If he suffers I will console him; if he is in danger I will share it with him."

"What do you mean, Miss Leslie?" cried Mortimer.

"You leave England in a few days with Mrs. Montresor and your cousin Adelaide. I will accompany you."

"But, Miss Leslie, remember—" remonstrated the young man.

"I remember nothing but that my father is in danger, and that a daughter's place is by his side. See, here comes Mrs. Montresor; I know she will not refuse to grant my request."

The good-natured hostess had come to the ante-chamber to look after her wall-flowers, as she called them.

"You are running away from us, Cora!" she said; "we shall certainly not allow this matter-of-fact nephew of mine to deprive us of the belle of the room."

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Montresor," exclaimed Cora; "a great misfortune has happened to my father."

"I know it, my dear child," replied Mrs. Montresor, "but, thank Heaven, that misfortune is not an irreparable one."

"No, madam, nothing is irreparable but the time which we pass far away from those we love in their hour of trouble. I implore you to take me back to him."

"But, Cora," answered Mrs. Montresor," do you forget that your father formally expressed his wish that you should remain in England?"

"Yes, madam; but the motive of my disobedience will render it excusable, and my first duty is to go and console my father."

"Pardon me if I still interfere, Miss Leslie," said Mortimer Percy, earnestly; "but think once more before you take this rash step. Your father may have some very serious motive for forbidding your return to New Orleans."

"What motive could a father have for separating himself from his only child? But stay," added Cora, struck by the earnestness of Mr. Percy's manner, "perhaps there is some secret, some mystery which you are aware of. Tell me, sir, is it so? Your manner just now—the strange questions which you asked me, all might lead me to suppose—"

"Those questions were only prompted by my interest in you, Miss Leslie," replied Mortimer; "but it is the same interest which bids me urge you to abandon the thought of this voyage. Your father's welcome may not be as warm as you would wish."

"I know his heart too well to fear that," exclaimed the excited girl; "be it as it may, my resolution is irrevocable; and if you refuse to take me under your charge, Mrs. Montresor," she added, "I will go alone."

"What?" cried Adelaide, who had entered the ante-chamber, followed by Gilbert, in time to hear these last words, "You would go alone, Cora; and who, then, opposes your departure? We will go together; will we not, dear auntie?" exclaimed the impetuous girl.

"Yes, Adelaide, since your friend is determined on leaving, it will be far better for her to accompany us," replied Mrs. Montresor; "but I must own that I do not willingly give my consent to Miss Leslie's disobedience to her father's wishes."

"But my father's thanks shall repay you for all, dear madam," said Cora; "I shall never forget his goodness."

"Come, come then, naughty child, let us return to the ball-room. You must bid adieu to all your acquaintances to-night, for our vessel, the Virginia, sails in three days. Come, children, come."

Mrs. Montresor led the two girls away, while Mortimer Percy flung himself on to a sofa, Gilbert Margrave watching him anxiously.

"Why did you not tell Mrs. Montresor the truth?" asked Gilbert.

"What would have been the use, since I cannot tell it to Miss Leslie? That is what seals my lips. Her father has concealed from her her real origin. She thinks she is of the European race. I discovered that in my interview with her—and I dare not reveal a secret which is not mine to tell."

"And you fear that her return to New Orleans will cause sorrow to herself?" said Gilbert.

"I do," replied the young South American; "every door at which she dares to knock will be closed against her. Even my cousin, her friend, will turn from her with pity, perhaps, but with contempt. You, who dwell in a land where the lowest beggar, crawling in his loathsome rags, is as free as your mightiest nobleman, can never guess the terrors of Slavery. Genius, beauty, wealth, these cannot wash out the stain; the fatal taint of African blood still remains; and though a man were the greatest and noblest upon earth, the stain clings to him to the last. He is—a slave!"

[Continued next week.]

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Bust	42 in.	32 in.	10 in.
Waist	42 in.	31 in.	11 in.
Hips	53 in.	40 in.	13 in.

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LOST IN A MINE.

They were talking about the recent mining disaster at San Leandro, that brought the conversation around to mining accidents generally, and finally one of the party recalled the Comstock horror of two years ago, when a cave in the Gould & Curry buried nine men alive.

"I had a pretty ugly experience in the mines myself eight years ago," said one of the party, an ex-Nevadan.

"I was a boy of fourteen or fifteen then, with about as little sense of prudence as most boys of that age, and I had a chum about as old who was as careless as myself.

"We lived toward the north end of Virginia City, and had a big back yard in which we always planned our expeditions. One day, in poking around that yard, we found near an old shed a big iron ring. This was fastened to a heavy plank cover that hid the mouth of an old shaft. This cover was hid by a couple of inches of dirt.

"When the first big excitement struck the Comstock everybody went to digging, and now the whole side of Mount Davidson is as full of abandoned shafts as a Swiss cheese is of holes. Within the town limits all the abanboned shafts are filled up or covered so as to keep belated pedestrians out of them. The mine we discovered in the corner of the yard had been too extensively worked to allow of its being filled up, and therefore had been covered as described.

"We didn't lose much time in prying up that cover and beginning the exploration of what we found. The shaft was evidently an upraise from some drift of the lower mines, for it went down at an angle of about forty-five. As soon as we had descended fifty feet we saw the working had been very extensive indeed, for drifts and winzes went off from the main shaft in every direction. We went into several of these, but always found ourselves stopped by a cave, for the workings were very old. Some shovels and picks that we discovered were almost gone with rust, and the timbers where they stood were bent and crushed and rotten. By guarded inquiries we found that it was in the ground of the Ophir Mining company, and a drift had probably been extended to this place in an attempt to strike a ledge to the west. We knew that the old working must connect with it somewhere, for the air was good and there was a steady up draught.

"Finally the idea took possession of us to go from our mine into some of the working ones, and come up that way.

The Andies shaft was only a few hundred yards from our mine, and we knew they must be connected. We knew enough about the mines to take what we thought were sufficient precautions against getting lost. The grain of the rocks showed us the directions as surely as a compass, so we were not all apprehensive. We thought that we might be down several hours, however, and so took along a number of extra candles and some lunch. Thus fixed, we began to clamber down the old shaft. A hundred feet below the surface we found some drifts, and spent an hour or so in them, but all were either blocked with caves or else stopped in the solid porphyry. So we had to go on clambering down the incline.

"Ben was ahead, and I saw him stop, and then he shouted back to me:

"'This is the bottom.'

"He stood clear of the walls and lifted up his candle to examine the place.

"'This is the bottom,' he repeated.

"'Are you sure?' I called back.

"'Yes; I—'

"I saw his candle disappear amid a crash. He called to me that it was all right, and to come down, and I cautiously followed, though I could not see his light anywhere. Soon I found out what was the matter. The miners had built a platform across the shaft, probably to prevent things from rolling down, and my companion's weight had broken through the planks that had been placed in position so long before. He had only slid a few yards down the incline, and, barring a few scratches, was unhurt. A very little way below the old platform we struck the 200-foot level of the mine, and started off to explore the tunnels. After following a crooked old tunnel we came to a point where it forked.

"We entered the left-hand tunnel, but found that it extended less than twenty yards. When we came to a standstill against the wall of rock Ben put his candle close to the wall to observe the grain of the porphyry. He made an exclamation of surprise. By the grain of the rock we had been traveling almost north, when we thought we were making progress to the south. When or how we had got turned around we could not tell, but there was no possibility of doubt about it.

"We lost no time in retracing our steps, but to our surprise, when we came to the crooked tunnel again we saw the mouths of three drifts instead of two. We took the tunnel that led to the right and were gratified to find that it turned to the south after a few yards. It ended in an incline something like the one by which we had entered the mine. Down this went Ben, while I waited above, so as to be able to direct him back with my voice. Soon I heard him calling to me, and I followed.

"'Look here,' said Ben, putting his candle close to a clammy timber.

"I looked and saw a chalk mark.

"'We've gone round in a circle somehow,' said Ben. There is the wheelbarrow you fell over. We had better follow our marks back and try it again some other time.'

"I was willing, and we walked back, occasionally stopping to see the marks on the timbers.

"'I didn't notice those things before, did you?' said my companion, as we passed half a dozen rusty picks that must have been lying there a decade, at least.

"I hadn't noticed them, either, and soon we bumped our heads against an old lantern hanging from the top of the drift. We hadn't met this before. Then we saw more unfamiliar things, and we noticed that there was water beside the old car track, while the drifts by which we had come were all dry as a bone.

"We look at one another and evidently the same thought passed through both our minds, but we kept on, and soon our fears were realized. The tunnel ended in what had been years before, a cooling station, a place where the miners ate their lunch and rested and cooled off when they were in the neighboring drift. We had followed some one else's chalk marks, and we had now no idea of our whereabouts.

"We can't get out the way we came,' said Ben, 'and no work is being done in the upper levels, so what we've got to do is to get down as far as we can, and we're bound to run across some miners,' then we began trying to find ourselves. We took the nearest tunnel and followed it until we came to a shaft with ladders in it. These ladders were crumbling and had evidently not been used for years, but we were not heavy and they did not break. Down we climbed to another level. This we followed as before.

"Whenever we came to a new shaft we threw a fragment of rock down to ascertain how deep it was. Then we would climb down as far as we could. We had just reached one level when a rushing sound broke the stillness. The noise startled us for an instant, but hurrying ahead we saw hundreds of rats coming out of a small tunnel, at the mouth of which stood a mouldering old ore car.

"This cheered us, for we decided that men must frequent some place near there, or the rats, which in mines live on the remains of the miner's lunches, could get nothing to eat. But though we hunted until we had to stop and cry again, we could find no one. Down an incline we went and struck a tunnel that had evidently been used more lately than the others. As we turned into it we saw a spark away off. Soon we saw that it was a candle carried by a miner. We let out a shout but to our amazement and horror the miner dropped his candle and ran as though forty devils were chasing him. We hurried after him and picked up his candle, but he must have turned into some other drift for we could not find him, and our weary search soon became as hopeless as before. We had by this time been in the mines a good many hours and had dried ourselves sick. No matter which way we turned, there were the same dead cold walls of rock. The passages were endless, they seemed to lead nowhere. We passed several old cooling stations and at last we got to one and stopped. We were utterly exhausted, and with all our misery choking us we swallowed some of our lunch, blew out our candles and, holding each other's hands, fell asleep.

"I remember that my last thought before I became unconscious was that a long time afterward they would find our bodies, and I think I even composed my face and arranged my limbs so as to make a more effective corpse. Nothing about this struck me as being funny. Indeed, I fell asleep crying. We must have slept a good many hours, and my next recollection is of our lying there together, sobbing, in the dense darkness. Suddenly I became conscious of a low, continued roar as of water running a long way off. My companion heard it and we listened, dully wondering what it could be. We finally lit a candle, ate the last of our lunch and started to find out. We both had been down the mine frequently before and had no fear of the darkness or the rats, so we went without hesitation. It was not hard to follow the noise. Along tunnels, down short upraises and up inclines we went until we struck our corridor. We followed on toward the noise. It was louder here, and as we advanced it grew into a perfect roar that filled the tunnel.

"Soon we ran into a wall of wood, from behind which the noise came. We peered through a chink in the partition and saw a broad moving line. It was the cable that hoists the cage, and that is what made the noise. We watched through the chink in the boards until we saw a cage loaded with rocks go up, and then began to think how we could reach the point from which the cage had started. We knew that we were very far under ground, for the rocks that we threw down the frequent shafts splashed in the water at the bottom. It was not long before we found a deep shaft, and down that we clambered. As we neared the bottom we heard another tumbling—an ore car running the tramway. We shouted as we went down the ladders and the carman answered our cry. Soon we were standing by him, while he looked us over with wonder.

"'Where are we?' we both shouted, as soon as we could speak.

"'This is the 1,500-foot level of the Crown Point,' he answered.

"We had gone a mile and a half under the ground and nearly a third of a mile down. We were sick and bruised and hungry and our clothes were torn almost off of us. It was 10 o' clock in the morning when we entered the old incline, and it was nearly 4 o'clock the next morning when the carman found us. In no time at all we had been fed and sent in charge of a miner on the cage to daylight again."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

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SEDAMSVILLE, Hamilton Co., O., June, 1889.
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DELHI, Ont., Jan. 14, 1891.
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About a year ago I noticed my right hand continually shaking. I tried different medicines but they all had no effect. * * * After using three or four bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic my hand ceased to shake and I found myself gaining every day. I think this medicine is one of the greatest remedies.
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RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Nov. 16, 1891.

STATIONS	Dis	WESTWARD A.M	A.M	P.M.
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 15	4 20
Flemington—f	1.8	4 43	9 18	4 23
Mill Hall	3.0	4 46	9 21	4 26
Beech Creek	8.3	4 56	9 33	4 38
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 59	9 36	4 40
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 44	4 49
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	9 48	4 55
Curtin	19.9	5 18	9 01	5 02
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 11	5 19
BELLEFONTE	15.2	5 35	10 25	5 20
Milesburg	23.5	5 45	10 35	5 30
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	5 48	10 40	5 39
Unionville	28.5	5 55	10 48	5 41
Julian	32.9	6 05	10 59	5 50
Martha	37.0	6 13	11 26	5 59
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	1120	6 06
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 [illegible]	6 13
Fowler—f	45.0	6 30	11 49	6 15
Dix—f	46.3	6 33	11 52	6 12
Bald Eagle	49.3	6 40	11 28	6 25
Vail	51.2	6 44	11 43	6 29
East Tyrone	53.0	6 48	11 48	6 33
TYRONE	54.3	6 55	11 55	6 40

STATIONS	Dis	EASTWARD A.M.	P. M.	P.M.
TYRONE		7 55	3 10	7 25
East Tyrone	1.3	8 02	3 17	7 32
Vail	3.1	8 05	3 20	7 35
Bald Eagle	5.0	8 10	3 24	7 41
Dix—f	8.0	8 15	3 30	7 47
Fowler—f	9.3	8 17	3 33	7 50
Hannah—f	10.6	8 21	3 37	7 54
Port Matilda	13.9	8 28	3 44	8 01
Martha	17.3	8 36	3 52	8 10
Julian	21.4	8 44	4 01	8 29
Unionville	25.8	8 55	4 10	8 30
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 03	4 17	8 40
Milesburg	30.8	9 07	4 20	8 44
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 17	4 30	8 54
Milesburg	30.8	9 32	4 40	9 13
Curtin	34.4	9 46	4 47	9 19
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	9 51	4 55	9 28
Howard	39.8	10 01	5 02	9 28
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 15	5 10	9 40
Beech Creek	45.6	10 20	5 13	9 45
Mill Hall	51.3	10 35	5 24	10 01
Flemington	52.5	10 28	5 27	10 15
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 45	5 30	10 10

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Westward Dis.	P.M	A.M	Stations	Dis.	Eastward A.M	P.M
5 05		1 31	.....SCOTIA	25.6	9 21	4 47
5 25	10	21 5.3	.....Fairbrook	29.3	9 09	4 27
5 37	10	28 8.7	...Penna. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 44	10	34 10.6	.....Hostler f	15.0	8 50	4 09
5 50	10	46 12.3	.....Marengo f	12.3	8 48	4 01
5 57	10	52 13.5	.....Loveville f	12.1	8 37	3 75
6 04	10	58 15.2	Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 49
6 08	11	02 15.8	...Dungarvin f	9.5	8 27	3 46
6 18	11	10 18.2	...Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 36
6 28	11	20 20.5	...Pennington	5.1	8 19	3 10
6 40	11	32 23.5	.....Stover	2.1	7 59	3 1
6 50	11	40 25.6	.....TYRONE		7 50	3 1

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 24 1890.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.15 p m.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.
S S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890

Dis.	Westward a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	Eastward a.m.	p.m
.0	5.50	2.15	....MONTANDON	5.30	9.20	5.45
1.5	6.15	2.25	Ar...LEWISBURG...Lv	5.20	9.10	5.35
1.5	6.15	2.28	Lv...LEWISBURG...Ar	.....	9.10	5.35
5.4	6.20	2.35	.....Biehl f.....	.....	9.00	5.26
6.8	6.35	2.49	.....Vicksburg f.....	.....	8.53	5.20
10.7	6.45	2.56	...MIFFLINBURG.....	.....	8.43	5.10
13.1	6.52	2.57	.....Barber f.....	.....	8.36	5.0
15.2	6.58	3.03	.....Swengle f.....	.....	8.30	4.5
16.1	7.00	3.05	.....Millmont.....	.....	8.27	4.5
15.6	7.08	3.14	...LAURELTON.....	.....	8.17	4.46
23.5	7.19	3.25	.....Paradise f.....	.....	8.06	4.35
28.9	7.25	3.38	.....Cherry Run f.....	.....	7.58	4.22
32.2	7.43	3.46	...Paddy Mt. Tunnel f..	.....	7.43	4.12
33.9	7.48	3.54	.....Ingleby f.....	.....	7.39	4.07
36.6	7.53	4.00	.....Coburn.....	.....	7.30	4.00
39.6	8.01	4.08	.....Zerby f.....	.....	7.21	3.52
43.4	8.10	4.17	...Rising Springs.....	.....	7.12	3.43
46.2	8.18	4.25	.....Penn's Cave f.....	.....	7.05	3.35
49.2	8.24	4.30	...CENTRE HALL.....	.....	6.58	3.28
51.6	8.32	4.37	.....Gregg f.....	.....	6.51	3.23
54.6	8.37	4.43	.....Linden Hall.....	.....	6.43	3.16
56.7	8.42	4.48	.....OAK HALL.....	.....	6.38	3.11
58.3	8.46	4.52	.....LEMONT.....	.....	6.34	
60.2	8.51	4.57	.....Dale Summit f.....	.....	6.29	
63.9	9.00	5.06	.....Pleasant Gap f.....	.....	6.19	
65.2	9.04	5.10	.....Axeman f.....	.....	6.15	
67.4	9.10	5.15	.....BELLEFONTE.....	.....	6.10	2.45

CHAS E. PUGH.....General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON.....General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL.....Superintendent

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, April 4th, 1892, trains will run as follows, leaving the Pennsylvania Railroad station.

EASTWARD 12	10	8	4	2		WESTWARD 1	3	7	9	11
pm	pm	pm	am	am	Ar—Lv	am	am	am	pm	pm
6 55		5 50		9 05	Bellefont	6 30		10 30		4 40
6 28		5 44		8 50	Coleville	6 37		10 35		4 45
6 25		5 41		8 56	Morris	6 40		10 38		4 48
6 22		5 38		8 52	Whitmer	6 44		10 43		4 51
6 19		5 35		8 49	Linns	6 47		10 46		4 54
6 17		5 33		8 47	Hunters	6 50		10 48		4 56
6 14		5 31		8 44	Fillmore	6 53		10 52		5 00
6 11		5 28		8 40	Sellers	6 57		10 56		5 03
6 09		5 25		8 38	Briarly	7 00		10 58		5 05
6 05	6 00	5 23	8 25	8 36	Waddle	7 05	7 10	11 01	5 10	5 10
6 02	5 50	5 20	8 28	8 30	Mattern J	7 08	7 14	11 03	5 13	5 12
	5 46		8 17		Graysdale	7 19		5 16		
	5 43		8 12		Mattern	7 24		5 20		
	5 40		8 05		Stormstown	7 29		5 23		
	5 35		8 00		Red Bank	7 35		5 30		
5 51		5 08		8 18	Krumr'ne	7 21		11 13		5 24
5 48		5 05		8 14	Struble	7 24		11 17		5 27
5 45		5 00		8 10	St. College	7 30		11 20		5 30

Train 2 connects with trains east and west on B. E. V. R. R. and S. S. branch, and train 8 connects with train east on B. E. V. R. R.
THOMAS A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 24th, 1890.

	WESTWARD.		
ERIE MAIL leaves Phila daily		11 25	p m
" " "	Harrisburg "	3 39	a m
" " "	Williamsport "	7 10	a m
" " "	Jersey Shore "	7 31	a m
" " "	Lock Haven "	7 55	a m
" " "	Renovo "	8 55	a m
"

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	2m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type)	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash. EDWARD T. TUTEN.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary. "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary "
H. C. Quigley. " "

DISTRICT.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N W	W I. Fleming	Bellefonte
" S W	J A Aikens	"
" W W	S. H. Williams	"
Centre Hall boro	B F Brisbin	Centre Hall
Howard "	Robert Cooke Jr.	Howard
Milesburg "	John Confer	Milesburg
Millheim "	J F Harter	Millheim
Philipsburg	1 W S S Crissman	Philipsburg
"	2 W H C Warfel	Philipsburg
"	3 W Capt Harry Simler	"
South Philipsburg boro	M. Stover, Philipsb'g	
Unionville "	Riley Pratt	Fleming
Benner Twp	Jos. H Marshall	Bellefonte
Boggs Twp	E P J M Parker	Roland
Boggs Twp	W P C P Stonerode	Milesburg
Boggs Twp	N P Jacob Yarnell	Milesburg
Burnside Twp	Delon G. Stewart	Moshannon
College Twp	E P Wm Thompson Jr	Lemont
College Twp	W P Philip D Foster	State Coll.
Curtin "	William Robb	Romola
Ferguson Twp	E P Claudius B Hess	Fairbrook
Ferguson "	W P John Campbell	"
Gregg "	N P Isaac Smith	Farmers Mills
Geegg "	S P John D Long	Spring Mills
Gregg "	E P. Jos. K. Bitner.	Penn Hall
Haines "	E P Chas Bressler	Fiedler
Halees "	W P James P Coburn	Aaronsb'g
Half Moon "	Cyrus W Hunter	Stormstown
Harris "	Scott Bricker	Boalsburg
Howard "	N. G. Pletcher	Howard
Huston "	Ira F Davis	Julian
Liberty "	D M Burlew	Blanchard
Marion "	S H Bennison	Walker
Miles "	Henry G Royer	Wolfs Store
Patton "	George F Stevenson	Buf'lo Run
Penn "	W F Rearick	Coburn
Potter Twp	N P James Gregg	Centre Hall
Potter "	S P Alexander McCoy	Potters Mills
Rush "	N P David Kinkead	Philipsburg
Rush "	S P Sanford White	Sandy Ridge
SnowShoe	E P J. K. McMullen	SnowShoe
SnowShoe	W P John A Yeager	Moshannon
Spring Twp	N P John A Dubbs	Bellefonte
Spring "	S P M F Riddle	Pleasant Gap
Spring "	W P W H Poorman	Bellefonte
Taylor "	John Weaver	Port Matilda
Union "	B W Shipley	Fleming
Walker "	O P Wilson	Hublersburg
Worth "	S R. Pringle	Port Matilda

REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Republicans of Centre County will meet at their respective voting places in the several election districts of the County on Saturday August 20th 1892, for the purpose of electing delegates to the County Convention. The delegates chosen at that time will meet at the Court House in Bellefonte on Tuesday, August 23, 1892, at 11 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of nominating.

Two candidates for Assembly,
One candidate for Associate Judge,
One candidate for Prothonotary,
One candidate for District Attorney,
One candidate for County Surveyor.
Three Conferrees to represent Centre County in the Congressional Conference; and to elect a Chairman of the County Committee for the year 1893; also to transact such other business as may properly come before the Convention.

Under the rules of the party, the number of delegates to which each precinct is entitled is as follows, viz:-

NUMBER OF DELEGATES.			
Bellefonte, N W	6	Haines, East P	1
" S. W	4	" West P	2
" W. W	3	Halfmoon	3
Centre Hall	1	Harris	2
Howard Boro	2	Howard Twp	3
Millheim	1	Huston	4
Milesburg	3	Liberty	3
Philipsburg—1st W	3	Marion	1
" 2d. W	4	Miles	3
" 3d. W	3	Patton	3
Unionville	2	Penn	1
Benner Twp	3	Potter North P	1
Boggs East P	2	" South P	2
" West P	4	Rush North P	4
" North	2	" South P	2
Burnside	2	Snow Shoe East P	4
College East P	4	" West P	2
" West P	2	Spring North P	3
Curtin	1	" South P	3
Ferguson, East P	2	" West P	3
" North P	3	Taylor	2
Gregg, North P	1	Union	3
" East P	1	Walker	3
" West P	1	Worth	3
Total number of delegates			121
Necessary to choice in nomination			61

The primary elections for delegates will be held under the supervision of the District Committeemen, who will see that the proper election officers are designated and in attendance.

In the Borough of Bellefonte, Centre Hall, Howard, Millheim, Milesburg, Philipsburg, Unionville and South Philipsburg and the Townships of Howard, Potter, Snow Shoe, Union, Rush, Spring Boggs, Worth Harris and Ferguson, the Polls will open at 7 P. M. and close at 9 P. M., and in the remaining districts will open at 2 P. M. and close at 4 P M..

WILBUR F. REEDER,
Chairman.

ASK YOUR FRIENDS.

Who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla what they think of it, and the reply will be positive in its favor. One has been cured of indigestion and dyspepsia, and another finds it indispensable for sick headache, others report remarkable cures of scrofula, salt rheum and other blood diseases, still others will tell you that it overcomes "that tired feeling," and so on. Truly, the best advertising which Hood's Sarsaparilla receives is the hearty endorsement of the army of friends it has won by its positive medicinal merit.

CAMPAIGN SONGS.

By Wm. Moore, Ex-M. D

Air—*Benny Havens Oh!*

The Free Trade Bourbon parrot-cry, "the tariff is a tax,"
Cannot be made to tally with the cold and frozen facts.
Our every-day experience is, things never were so low.
As since the Grand Old Party made the tariff fill the go—
Made the tariff all the go, made the tariff all the go,
Since the Grand Old Party made the tariff all the go.

It may be well for England, late "mistress of the seas,"
To fight for pauper labor.—a political disease—
But Uncle Sam's dominions now are not the proper place
To flaunt this British doctrine in the Yankee workman's face—
In the Yankee workman's face, in the Yankee workman,s face.
To flaunt this British doctrine in the Yankee workman's face

Our wages-earning boys well knowe that Bourbon Free Trade means
Conditions here precisely same as foreign daily scenes.
They know that competitione with redundant Europe's hordes
Would drag our workmen to the plane of that controlled by lords—
Of that controlled by lords, of that controlled by lords,
Would drag our workmen to the plane of thatcontrolled by lords.

The thirsty Bourbons never were so hungry and so lean:
The equal for their fight for "pap" has never yet been seen:
But Cockran, Sickles, Flower, Hill—all say "Grover" cannot win,
'Tis useless for the boys to part with any of their tin—
With any of their tin, with any of their tin.
'Tis useless for the boys to part with any of their tin.

The big Free-Trade disciple who lives on Buzzards' Bay
Cannot again be President, the Tariff boys all say.
And they mean "biz" you better bet, they're in the proper mood,
To send him up Salt River to "innocuous desuetude"—
To innocuous desuetude, to innocuous desuetude,
To send him up Salt River to innocuous desuetude.

Our Benny is the boy they want, the boy they mean to have,
His term has been a great success, wise, firm, true and brave;
The business men and laborers, too, will rally and stand "pat,"
For Harrison, Protection and our old Grand father's hat.
Our old Grandfather's hat our old Grandfather's hat,
For Harrison, Protection, and our old Grandfather's hat.

TOM WATSON'S REAL OFFENSE.

The country was regaled for almost a week with a daily tirade in Congress by Representative Wheeler (Dem., Ala.) on questions of personal privilege he considered to be involved in a speech and a book by Representative Tom Watson (Alliance, Ga.). On the face of it it was a mere petty bickering and venting of personal spite between two individuals who happened to be irritated with one another. Back of the whole thing however, was the bigoted intolerance of the white Democrat of the South toward all white men from their section who array themselves against the Democratic party. Tom Watson's offense was not that he misquoted Wheeler of Alabama; not that he charged on Congress that "drunken members have reeled about the aisles—a disgrace to the republic." His real offense was that he, a Southern white man, had when in Congress, opposed a desire of Southern white Democrats to have printed 10,000 extra copies of the bugaboo Force bill for use as a campaign document. This was characterized by Watson as "this scaly bark of of last year's political campaign * * * which the millionaires who contribute to the Democratic campaign fund ought to have paid for themselves."

It was for this that the whole snapping and snarling back of intolerant Southern Democrats made at Watson and are drubbing him on every pretense that they can muster. A white man in Congress from the South seeking to undermine the allegiance of Southern Democrats to their party, naturally invites the pursuit of the wolfish pack. Watson although a member of the People's Party for his courage and firmness in meeting the open pursuit of the whole horde of Southern Democratic Congressmen deserves nothing but commendation and admiration.

UNDER the genial and enlivening influence of something or other, G. Cleveland was led to exclaim the other day at a Tammany meeting "I am a Democrat." In a letter to an "independant German-American" association, Mr. Cleveland says:

It is most gratifying to receive the assurances of support from a body made up of those who think independently in political matters, and who, in the language of your resolutsons, "are accustomed to place the welfare of the country above partisan consideration."

Evidently G. Cleveland and D. B. Hill have entirely different things in mind when they say: "I am a Democrat."

THE People's Party, of Florida administer the following salt to the smarting wounds of the Democrats:

We view with contempt the later action of these Congressmen who, since the late tragedy at Homestead, for which we believe them to be largely responsible, have been denouncing the Pinkertons on the floor of Congress as thugs and assassins; and we believe that their denunciations of Pinkerton's band are uttered solely with a view of making political capital, and that it is not done in the interests of either humanity or good government.

THE BUSINESS VIEW OF THE CAMPAIGN.

[SECRETARY ELKINS.]

It has been demonstrated that the country distrusts the forces behind the Democratic candidate. Personally the country thought well enough of Cleveland in 1888, yet it would have no more of him for President. Personally, and also as an able executive, the Republican candidate has won the confidence of the people to a greater degree than it was possessed by Mr. Cleveland; and General Harrison has the tremendous additional advantage, with the business interests of all sections and the party behind him, that he is trustworthy on all subjects of finance and commerce, with a general policy understood, and clearly advantageous to all interests. Even many business Democrats will regret the possibility of a change, and to prevent it will vote for Harrison. My experience is that there is no sentiment in business, and very little in politics. This being a time of peace, the people look to and will favor the party that will best advance the business interests of the people. The purpose of Cleveland and his party is to break down protection, and plunge the country into the doubt and uncertainties, not to say tremendous disasters, that would follow such a change. Change is always fraught with danger, and that is no reason why the independent business men of the country are for General Harrison.

THE ALABAMA ELECTION.

At the election in Alabama the other day, it is said in the news report, there was the largest vote ever cast. It is even reported that a large part of what the Southern chivalry call the "niggers" voted. In view of his extraordinary fact there are several points about this election that are worthy of special notice.

The "niggers" who voted, for the most part voted the Democratic ticket. It is probable that many of them in other parts of the South would be heard from as having voted on election day if this were the ticket they voted.

The way it happened in Alabama was there were tickets in the field, and neither side felt sure that its ticket could be elected without some "nigger" votes. Both tickets were white, and, of course, the whole business was chivalry. It is reported in the news from Alabama that one of these chivalry announced to the other chivalry that any one who interfered with the "niggers" that wanted to vote its ticket would be shot."

From the fact that Alabama cast the largest vote in her history is a fairly logical conclusion that the "niggers" were not interfered with to any extent.

The worthy gentlemen who are just now exercised with the fear of a "force" bill, Federal bayonets at the polls and "nigger supremacy in the South have reason to view with alarm this development in the Southern politics. In the case of Alabama there has been a threat of force, if not an actual display of it, if the "niggers" were not allowed to vote. The "niggers" actually have voted. This would seem to constitute a dangerously radical tendency of things, with threats of all sorts of dire results, from what we hear from opponents of the "force" bill.

The two points in the case that are calculated to assuage anxiety are that the threats of violence came from Southern chivalry and the "niggers" voted the Democratic ticket.

—County Chairman Zeigler, of Milesburg, and Secretary Miller, of Snow Shoe, attended the Prohibition meeting in the Gray building last evening, the former making a vigorous address and speaking hopefully of the future outlook of the Prohibition party. The "red tape" business which the Prohibitionists must go through under the Baker ballot law before they can vote their honest convictions, was thoroughly explained and the necessary preliminaries arranged. It was gratifying to have so many present to place their names on the petition made necessary under the heinous Baker law. The Prohibs, notwithstanding the inconvenience to which they will be placed, propose to exercise their rights.—*Phil. Journal.*

TYPEWRITERS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The Remington Secures the Exclusive Contract.

The committee of Ways and Means of the World's Columbian Exposition has awarded to Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict (Remington standard typewriter), the contract for furnishing all the writing machines to be used on the Exposition grounds during the Fair. A large number will be placed at convenient points throughout all the buildings, and are intended for the accommodation of the general public, representatives of the press, and the officers of the exposition.

About 200 expert operators will be selected by the Remignton company for this purpose.

—A Hungarian woman who lived at Chester Hill near Philipsburg was fatally burned last week Wednesday, while attempting to start a fire with coal oil. She was taken to the Cottage Hospital where she died next day.

Characteristics of Hood's Sarsaparilla: The largest sale, the most merit, the greatest cures. Try it, and realize its benefits.

MORE THAN A CENTURY OLD.

Mrs. Lavinia Fillmore Will Reach Her 105th Year To-morrow.

NEW YORK, August 12.—Mrs. Lavinia Fillmore, relict of the Rev. Glezen Fillmore and a cousin of Millard Fillmore, a former President of the United States, who died in 1874, will be 105 years old to-morrow, says a special from Clarence to the Sun. There will be no birthday celebration this year, but her relatives and nearest friends will call to pay their respects to the old lady. The omission to have a public observance of the anniversary is due to Mrs. Fillmore's wish. When her centennial celebration occured she said that she did not like to have so many strange people gaze at her through curisoity, and since then there have been no public birthday celebrations.

Mrs. Fillmore was living when George Washington was inaugurated President of the United States. She was born in Waterbury, Conn., in 1787, and moved to New York State when very young. She was a convert to Methodism when seventeen years old, and was married to the Rev. Mr. Fillmore when she was only twenty three. After living here awhile the Fillmores removed to Buffalo, and were there in 1812 when that city was burned by the British Mrs. Fillmore tells a thrilling story about how she and her husband were obliged to flee from their home. She also remembers seeing the three Thayers hanged for murder in Niagara square in that city in 1825. The Rev. Mr. Fillmore built the first church in Buffalo, a small affair 25x35 feet. He was a pastor for fourteen years and a presiding elder for twice as long. He officiated at 269 weddings, and that was quite a record in those days. He died in 1875.

Mrs. Fillmore has lived quietly on her farm here since her husband's death. She has never ridden on a railroad train, has never seen the telegraph or telephone in operation, and has evinced no curiosity in these fruits of science, preferring to live her last days amid the peaceful surroundings of her quiet home. She is not ignorant, however, of the improvements which have been made in the world, for she has been a constant newspaper reader. Her Bible has been read and re-read until she pretty nearly knows it all by heart. So well preserved comparatively is she that her neighbors think she will live for many years.

HOW WILL THE TEMPERANCE VOTERS OF PHILIPSBURG VOTE FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGE.

Charles A. Faulkner was nominated last week by the Democratic convention as a candidate for associate Judge. That he is a popular man at his home and will receive a very large vote at Philipsburg and Rush township is from all present appearances beyond dispute. That he is an exhotel keeper and liquer seller is also a fact; that he will be very favorable to the granting of lisences, no matter what may be said or promised before the election is also as sure as he is elected. The Philipsburg *Ledger* in speaking of him says:

"The only opposition to him comes from the temperance people, based on the ground that he was a hotel keeper and naturally is in favor of granting liquor licences; but even the opposition from that quarter is not bitter, for he has many warm friends among the temperance people, who are loth to fight a man who has been so good a citizen and has always treated them kindly and fairly."

Now we do not doubt that there are many temperance people in Philipsburg and Rush township that will do just as the *Ledger* intimates that is vote for a license man because he has always treated them fairly and kindly. They will forget their principles and vote for a man who will not represent them because he has always been a gentleman. Now just think of it; is that not the silliest reason that was ever offered for electing a man judge of our courts who is certain to do just what the people of this county have declared time and again they do not want done; What position do the temperance men of that section place themselves in when they vote against their long cherished principles on so flimsey a pretex; We understand the temperance people of this county have a candidate for Judge and he will certainly need their support. Do the the temperance voters of Philipsburg intend to desert their man for a rum candidate who has always treated them fairly and kindly and is a gentleman.

BASE BALL.

Mountain League Record.

The present standing of the Mountain League clubs in their championship contest is:

	WON	LOST	PER CENT
Tyrone	10	6	625
Bellefonte	9	6	600
Philipsburg	8	6	500
Houtzdale	7	8	466
Clearfield	5	9	355

The difference between a revenue Tariff and a Protective Tariff: A revenue Tariff taxes Americans for the benefit of foreigners; a protective Tariff taxes foreigners for the benefit of Americans. Quite a difference isn't there?

—A little child of F. C. Flegal, of Philipsburg, received an ugly gash under the eye last Saturday. It pulled a bowl off the table which falling on it caused the wound.

If you want to vote at the coming election, see that your name is on the registry list.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O., Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75 cts. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Harper's Weekly, published August 3d, will contain a description of the city of Athens, written by the Comte de Mouy, and copiously illustrated. This will be the sixth paper in the important series of "The Great Capitals of the World," now running in the *Weekly*. Among other attractions in the same number will be illustrations of the New York Water-tower, of the New York State Building at the Columbia Exposition, of the attempted assassination of Mr. Frick at Pittsburg, and of the launching of the new war-ship *Columbia* (cruiser No. 12). Mrs. McGlasson's powerful story of American life, "An Earthly Paragon," will be continued.

A LEADER.

Since its first introduction, Electric Bitters has gained rapidly in popular favor, until now it is clearly in the lead among pure medicinal tonics and alteratives—containing nothing which permits its use as a beverage or intoxicant, it is recognized as the best and purest medicine for all ailments of Stomach, Liver or Kidneys—It will cure Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, and drive Malaria from the system. Tatisfaction guaranteed with each bottle or the money will be refunded. Price only 50c. per bottle. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

The pastor of the Catholic church at Renova has notified the school board of that borough that the parocheal schools will be discontinued and asks them to make preparation to receive the scholars in the public schools the schools are now crowded which makes rather an embarasing situation as there are four hundred extra children to be provided for. A committe has been appointed to ask Rev Gormely whether the parochial schools will be closed permantently and if so the rooms occupied by them can be rented.

For our Campaign Books. Lives of Harrison and Reid also Cleveland and Stevenson are now ready. Each contains the issues of 1892. A Hot Campaign! Great selling books!! Big money for agents who strike quick!!! Big terms. Freights paid. Outfits free on receipt of five 2 cts stamps to help pay postage. Lyceum Pub'g Co., 216 S. 3rd St., Phila, Pa.

A lad by the name of Edgar Smith while on Jacks Mountain near Lewistown last saturday was bitten by a rattlesnake. He had two other boys with him they were gathering berries as soon as he was bitten the other boys ran home to give the alarm a party started to find the boy they hunted an hour for him and when found he was suffering badly he was taken home in the carriage of James H Mann proprietor of the Axe works; Everything was done to relieve his suffering but without avail He lived five hours.

FEMALE WEAKNESS,—SURE CURE.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any lady if they will send their Express and P. O. address. Yours respectfully, DR. W. B. MARCHISI, 90 Genessee St., Utica, N. Y. 30 4t

The *Gazette* seems to object to the young people holding moonlight parties out in the Park woods in the dark of the moon. If we understand them they think it only an excuse to get the girls out in the woods late at night.

The children's health must not be neglected. Cold in the head causes catarrh. Ely's Cream Balm cures at once. It is perfectly safe and is easily applied into the nostrils. The worst cases yield to it. 50c.

One of my children had a very bad discharge from her nose. Two physicians prescribed, but without benefit. We tried Ely's Cream Balm, and, much to our surprise, there was a marked improvement. We continued using the Balm and in a short time the discharge was cured.—O. A. Cary, Corning, N. Y.

The board walk on west side of Judge Rhoads property on west Linn St has been put in good repair.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE Washington *Post* wings a barbed shaft when it says:

If Col. McClure wants to get up a red-hot tariff debate let him match the Philadelphia *Times* of to-day against the Philadelphia *Times* of 1885.

Klein's Silver Age, Duquesne and Bear Creek Whiskies, together with all the leading Pennsylvania Ryes, bottled by Max Klein, are the most reliable whiskies sold. See that Klein's signature is on every label, and his name blown in the bottle. It is a guarantee of purity. For sale by S. Shloss, wholesale agent, Williamsport, Pa.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826

CANDIDATE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce the name of O. J. Spotts, of Union township, as a candidate for the legislature, subject to the decision of the republican county convention.

Mr. Joseph Hemmerich

An old soldier, came out of the War greatly enfeebled by **Typhoid Fever,** and after being in various hospitals the doctors discharged him as incurable with **Consumption.** He has been in poor health since, until he began to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Immediately his cough grew looser, night sweats ceased, and he regained good general health. He cordially recommends Hood's Sarsaparilla, especially to comrades in the **G. A. R.**

HOOD'S PILLS cure Habitual Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

SOMETHING NEW.

The Celebrated "Clauss" Bread, Cake and Paring Knife Manufacturers want agents in every locality to handle these knives. Best thing in the market. Present agents clear from $10 to $15 daily. Send $1.00 for sample set. THE CLAUSS SHEAR CO., Fremont, O.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

EDWARD K. RHOADS,

At his yard near Passenger station sells on

THE BEST QUALITIES

OF

Anthracite, Bituminous & Woodland

COAL

—ALSO—

KINDLING WOOD.

AND

Corn Ears, Shelled Corn, Oats, Baled Hay and Straw

TELEPHONE 712.

FOR SALE.—A Truss for children from two weeks to four years old. Pronounced by one of the best physicians in Bellefonte to be the best article known for the use it is intended. Will not hurt the child or prevent it from growing, and is waaranted to cure the trouble. Apply to Charles Garrett, No 230 S. Spring street, Bellefonte. Prices reasonable V23 No27 tf

EUREKA!

OUR MOTTO:

Quick Sales and Small Profits.

THE EUREKA CASH GROCERY, Bush Arcade Block, is the place to buy Groceries GOOD AND CHEAP. We have always been selling goods at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES bu now we intend to do better than ever and will sell goods at prices that will astonish everyone. Times are hard and we cannot expect to make much. Below we quote you a few of our prices to show that we mean business.

3 cans of Corn for 25 cts.; 3 cans of Peas 25 cts.; 3 cans of Lima Beans for 25 cts.; 6 bars of Soap 25 cts.; Coffee 23-25-26-28-35 cts. per pound; 1 package Mince Meat 11 cts.; Mixed Tea (a number one quality) only 40 cts. per pound; Soup Beans 6 cts. per quart.

The above is a fair sample of our prices. Call and be convinced.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.
HIGH STREET, - - BELLEFONTE
M. P. TUTEN, PROPRIETOR.

FAHSIONS AT NEWPORT.

Yachting Caps And Sailor Hats: Mull Dresses: Riding Habits: Bathing Suits: Jewelry.

From our regular correspondent

Riding, driving or yachting being favorite amusements at this Paradise of summer resorts, white parasols and white shade hats outnumber all others, touches of black however are noticeable in the trimmings of new Leghorns or chips. Black ostrich tips or jet ornaments are placed among tonering ribbon loops, lace braids or other light materials, and a mixed black and white straw trimming edging black velvet ribbon, is very popular.

YACHTING CAPS AND SAILOR HATS

are equally stylish, the former often having an embroidered anchor in front and two similar ones on the jacket, or, a handsome gold band is preferred when gold braid trims the suit. Sailor hats are now more fully trimmed than formerly, and at a recent coaching party, Miss Cushing of New York City, wore a black sailor hat with a yellow surah silk crown, and clusters of buttercups. While many colored outing suits are seen, white is considered elegant, and a few days since, Mr. Harry Whitney drove out some friends on his father's four inhand coach, Miss Havemeyer being among the number, wearing a white moose-cloth dress, trimmed with bullion braid, having white silk blouse and sash finished off with bullion fringe, white sailor hat and white crape parasol.

EVENING DRESSES OF INDIA MULL

trimmed with lace are lovely, and one worn at a dance given by Mrs. W. C. Whitney, was of mull made over a princess body of gold and blue silk, the entire foundation being covered with mull and fine lace insertions; an elegant lace bertha falling from the weaver's finely formed shoulders. Another charming dress of silvery pind crepe de Chine, was trimmed with exquisitely fine lace flouncing in Venetian patterns. Lace is the great feminine weapon of the season, and frills or furbelows of all description must be delicately performed; so thus it comes about that no toilet tray in this fair city is without Murray & Lanman's delicious Florida Water, and another way of using it, is to spray hangings, rugs, bedlinen etc. producing a charming fragrance throughout, most refreshing during warm weather.

SKIRTS OF RIDING HABITS

are very much the same as those of last season, and white brown is seen, black and very dark blue are the preferred colors. Open jackets are much longer and a colored shirt, with band on sailor hat and tie to match look very jaunty. The tall beaver has not disappeared or the stiff however to linen chemisetts, is three gold buttons linked together by a delicate Venetian chain.

IN BATHING SUITS

no difficulty exists as to choice, and stockinet or Jersey wool in white, navy-blue or black is a favorite material, owing to its elasticity and lightness. In addition are ribbon silk, mohair, white, red, blue or black flannel, white or blue serge. Silk suits are most desirable, having a full yoke waist with ruff around the neck and braided in red or white cord. White flannel suits are very pretty, being made with a shirt-waist laid in plaits, sailor-collar and skirt of striped flannel, white drawers, and long red, blue or black stockings with cork soles set in to protect the feet.

VERY LITTLE JEWLERY

is worn in summer, brooches, stick pins, shids or sleeve button are however necessities. Enamelled rosetts are simple-looking brooches, and screw solitaire earrings or slender bangles are appropriate to any costume. Beautiful yachting pins are pointed flags, enamelled in club or college colors, and studs worn on similar occasions are of blue enamel with tiny gold anchors, and this design is reversed by blue anchors on a gold ground.

VERONA CLARK.

RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF THEODORE WILLIAMS.

The committee on obituary appointed by the Baptist Sabbath school at Martha adopted the following:

WHEREAS, God in His providence has removed by death one of our members, Theodore Williams, son of Abednego and Katherine Williams, an interesting boy aged 13 years, a faithful and beloved member of our school; therefore, whilst bowing to the will of our Heavenly Father we would express our sorrows for his absence from us.

Resolved, That we tender to the surviving members of the once happy family our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavment also that it be recorded in minutes of our school.

Resolved, That a copy of this tribute be sent to the bereaved family and that the county papers be requested to publish the same.

J. W. STUART,
WALTER BULLOCK,
H. M. STUART
Committee.

—More about demand for labor in the West. There is a panic among Dakota farmers lest they be unable to harvest their great wheat crop, which is now being cut in the southern part of South Dakota. Central South Dakota begins its wheat harvest in about a week or ten days and about Huron farmers are especially anxious. It has been estimated that from 200 to 400 laborers are needed in each county in South Dakota east of the Missouri River. This means that about 10,000 loborers are wanted. Southern Minnesota needs help in the harvest field also, and North Dakota will begin harvesting in two or three weeks. Altogether conservative estimates are that 40,000 laborers are needed within the next month in order to harvest the immense grain crop of the Northwest. What a pity that labor cannot be gathered up in the east where it is plenty and sent to gather these immense crops.

TRIAL LIST FOR SECOND WEEK OF COURT COMMENCING AUGUST 29 1892.

Maggie A. Koontz vs. Newark Machine Co.

S E Koontz vs. Newark Machine Co.

Clinton Lloyds vs. Lehigh valley Coal Co.

Geo. W Jackson vs. the N. V. R. R. Co.

The B. & B. R. R. R. Co. use of vs. McCoy & Linn.

James I Delong vs. J P Findlay et al.

Jas. R Alexander et al vs. the B. E. V. R. R. Co. et al.

Lehigh Valley Coal Co. vs. Patrick Ward, Sr. et al.

Jas. R Waltz's Minors vs. Beech Creek R. R. Co.

Bird Coal and Iron Co. E C Humes.

Jones & Landon vs. Wm. H Wigton.

Jacob Nestlerod's Admr vs. H F Kessinger et al.

Commonwealth use of Lida Gregg vs. Admr'x of Jas. B Curtin.

Commonwealth use of Fannie Gregg us. Admr'x of Jas. B Curtin.

Commonwealth use of Fannie Gregg vs. John Curtin et al.

Commonwealth use of Lida Gregg vs. John Curtin et al.

James Immel vs. Solomon Snyder,

James Immel vs. John B Musser.

James Immel vs. Thomas Gentzel,

James Immel vs. Ammon Snyder.

Catharine D Osmer vs Ira C Longwell et al.

Elizabeth Grossman vs. Admr. of Geo. Grossman.

Solomon C Hamer vs. C T Fryberger.

Simon Harper vs. Wm. Rible et al.

Tradesman's Nat'l Bank vs. Bellefonte Iron and Nail Co.

THE BELLEFONTE ACADEMY.

The Bellefonte Academy will open its schoo'= on Wednesday, September 7, 1892.

INSTRUCTORS.

J. P. Hughes, teacher of Mathematics and Natural Sciences.

J. R. Hughes, teacher of ancient and monern languages.

Miss Julia L. Reed, teacher in young ladies' room.

Miss Caroline R. Hunter, teacher in primary room.

Miss Emma S. Hughes, teacher of Music and Calisthenics.

Students tickets on Bellefonte Central Railroad reduced. Each round trip for a single fare.

Miss Hunter, teacher in the primary room, is a graduate of State College, class of '88, and has been teaching successfully since her graduation. 23-32-tf

DEAD SEA FRUITS.

They slay multitudes when they are the product of neglect or incipient disease. A slight cold, a fit of indigestion, billiousness or constipation each or any of these minor "diseases" advance in many cases with league-destroying strides. Give them a swift, early defeat with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and avert the danger. Abernethy administered an alarming rebuke to the man who informed him that he had "only a cold." "Only a cold," repeated the doctor. "What would ye have—the plague?" Rheumatism and la grippe are easily extinguishable at the start. Why then alloy them to get up a full head of steam. Put on the brakes with the Bitters. The genial warmth which this superb medicine diffuses through the system the impetus it gives to the circulation of the blood, its soothening and strengthening effect upon the nervous, specially recommend it to the enfeebled and sick. 'Tis the great specific for malaria.

A GOOD PLACE TO GO.

Now if the govegnment owned the railroads laborers could get about the country at a price they could afford to pay, for all agree that if the railroads were run by the government the rate of fare would not be over one half a cent per mile. At that rate of fare laborers could go even to the extreme west to harvest crops, whenever such a crop was grown as demanded more help than was in that section.

They say that South Dakota will raise $40,000,000 worth of wheat this year. The average yield is placed at thirty bushels per acre. Corn has made great progress in the last week and stands fourteen feet high in the fields. Six weeks of good growing weather will insure a full crop. Form hands are in demand and are receiving $2 to $3 a day and board. Now if it was not for the cost of getting there and back again, what a chance this would be for eastern farm hands to take a trip and make it pay.

STORMY VACATION DAYS.

MADE PLEASANT.

Did you ever have a Vacation without some stormy days, when you did not know what to do with yourself? Reading is what most people fall back on at such times and nothing is better to drive away the blues than a short crisp story or a few good jokes. Our special offer of 25 back numbers of the Waverley Magazine, of different dates, for $1.00 postpaid, will supply you with about 400 short, clean and complete stories, jokes. etc. The same amount of reading in the trashy 15c novel, would cost you $12. Send stamp for sample. Address.

WAVERLY MAGAZINE,
Box 172, Boston, Mass.

GRANGE PICNIC AT GRANGE PARK.

The Patrons' Picnic and Exhibition at Grange Park, Centre Hall, will be ready to open Saturday, September 10. Many have already expressed their intention of going into camp on Saturday.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES SUNDAY, SEPT 11

Religious services will be held under the auspices of the churches of Centre Hall. Preaching Sabbath morning by Rev. Fisher, Lutheran minister; Sabbath afternoon by Rev. Baskerville, Presbyterian minister; Sabbath evening by Rev. Isenberg, Reformed minister.

Public meetings will be held every day and evening in the auditorium under the auspices of the Grange.

NATIONAL GRANGE.

The National Grange will be represented by Col. J. H. Bingham, Master, Ohio; Dr. John Trimble, Secretary, Washington, D. C.; Hon. Mortimer Whitehead, Lecturer, Washington, D. C.

STATE GRANGE.

The State Grange will be represented by Col. R. H. Thomas, Secretary, Mechanicsburg; J. T. Ailman, Lecturer, Juniata; Judge Jenks, of Jefferson; Dr. Groff, President Bucknell University; D. C. Kennedy, Chairman of Executive Committee; Hon. A. L. Taggart, of Montgomery; S. R. Downing, of Chester; Hon. Gerard C. Brown, of York; Giles D. Price of Erie; Prof. Hughes, of York; Dr. Calder of Harrisburg.

LADIES OF THE STATE GRANGE.

The ladies of the State grange will be represented by Mrs. Holstein, of Montgomery; Mrs Johnson, of Erie; Mrs. Roberts, of Chester; Mrs. Hutton, of Cumberland; Mrs. McClure, of Westmoreland; Miss Brewer, of Delaware, and others.

COUNTY GRANGE.

The County Grange will be represented by I. S. Frain, Master; Col. Jas. F. Weaver, Lecturer; Prof. Calvin R. Neff and others.

NATIONAL DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

The Weather Signal Service will be represented by H. L. Ball, Chief of Weather Bureau, Philadelphia.

STATE COLLEGE AND EXPERIMENTAL STATION.

The State College State Experimental Station, will be represented by Dr. Atherton, president of the College; Dr. Armsby, Director of state Experiment Station; Prof. Butz—who will have charge of the exhibits of the department of the College and Station, and others.

Veterans' reunion Friday, 16th, presided over by Gen. James A. Beaver, President of Veterans' Club. Addresses by president Harrison Ex-President Hayes; Gen. J. P. Taylor, Department Commander of Pa., G. A. R. Curtin; Gen D. McM. Gregg; Gen. D. H. Hastings; Major E. A. Montooth; R. A. Cassidy; Col. James F. Weaver; James A. Meyers; Hon, Thomas J. Stuart; Col. Chill Hazzard; Maj. L. G. McConley; Hon. J. W. Noble; Col. James A. Danks, and others.

For information in reference to the Picnic and Exhibition address the chairman, Leonard Rhone, Centre Hall, Pa.

POWDERLY ON HOMESTEAD.

Workingmen Not Fools—Powderly Shows How Democrats Consider Them Such.

Partisan papers are endeavoring to make political capital out of the terrible scenes which took place at Homestead the other day. The Democratic papers are vehement in their denunciation of the Republican party for enacting a tariff law under which protection was afforded to manufacturers. There is no love for workmen in the hearts of these editors; a desire to serve party interest alone actuates them. Let us review the situation in brief. Tariff laws could uot be passed without discussion, and in all of the debates which took place in Congress over the Mills and McKinley bills I cannot find that a single amendment was offered by a Democrat to give the workmen a certain portion of the tariff when collected.

The Mills and the McKinley bill differ very little in the duty on steel rails, plates etc. One was a Democratic bill, the other a Republican. The McKinley bill reduced the duty on the article manufactured at Homestead, and the Democratic papers, in asserting that the trouble at that point is due to the McKinley bill, are but condemning the very thing that they themselves advocate and on which they base their claim to power—a reduction of the tariff. The Pinkertons existed before the Mills bill was introduced in Congress, and that institution continues to flourish now that the McKinley bill is in force. Whether the tariff went up or down disputes between employer and employed would continue. Workingmen are not the fools that politicians beleive them to be, for we do not feel that the coming of the millennium depends upon the way Congress legislates on the tariff.

If our Democrats who are so eager to make political capital out of this difficulty will lend me their ears I will whisper to them that Representative Watson, of Georgia, has had a measure before Congress for the last four or five months which aims at the abolition of the Pinkertons as a factor in the industrial life of the United States. The Democratic party has a sweeping majority in Congress; it has a full knowledge of the acts of the Pinkertons on previous occasions. I have presented evidence enough to Congress to prove that Pinkerton is an enemy to American liberty. That Democratic majority has a knowledge of the existence of Watson's bill, and it has up to the present time dillied and dallied with it, and has no idea of passing it. "We have petitioned for redress," have endeavored to get the ear of Congress, but "our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury" and civil war at Homestead.—T. V. Powderly.

BOROUGH COUNCIL.

The Council met last Monday evening, W. P. Hillibish, Dr. R. L. Dartt and Crissman were absent. It is said that Crissman is absent most of the time. Mr. Jamison of the south ward was chosen as president *pro tem*. The matter of confirming the men elected by the fire companies as fire marshals was postponed to next meeting in order that the questions of their eligibility to act under the law could be inquired into. The streets were reported to be in good conditions. Seven hydrants on the streets were reported to be in bad condition, the matter was referred to water committee with authority to have them removed repaired as thought best.

The finance committee reported the following rate of taxation for interest, 6 mills; street, 3 mills, borough 2 mills. This is three mills less than last year but as the valuation has been very much increased actual tax may be more instead of less.

The Borough solicitor is requested to ask the court to appoint a competant man to act as High constable.

After bills were approved Council adjourned.

Free-Trade papers have been jubilating over the report put in circulation by themselves, that the Temescal tin mines in California had given out. It is inexplicable how misfortune to American industry can be hailed with joy by Free-Traders. In this particular case, however they crowed too soon, for it turns out that the mines referred to are being improved and show no signs of exhaustion. Too bad, isn't it. Free-Traders?

—Mr. James. Ross of Tyrone spent Sunday in Bellefonte with many friends

The Presbyterian society have already subscribed for their new organ and repairs seven thousand dollars. The sum to be raised is ten thousand.

The City of Paris has again fractured the record for crossing the Atlantic. The City of Paris is one of those vessels soon to be admitted to American registry.

It is said that another large body of fire-clay has been discovered at Sandy Ridge in this county and the works at that place will soon be started up again:

WANTED—SALESMAN: Salary from start, permanent place. Brown Bros. Co., Nurseryman, Rochester, New York. 30 4t

Bellefonte Markets.

Red Wheat, per bushel	$ 85
Mixed wheat per bushel	80
Buckwheat, new, per bushel	40
Rye per bushel	60
Corn (shelled)	45
Corn (ears)	40
Oats	30
Barley	50
Cloverseed, fair to good	7.80
do prime and extra prize	8 00
do choice	8.40
Flour, retail, per barrel	5 00
Flour, wholesale	4 40
Hay choice mixed, per ton	10 00
" prime timothy " "	12.00
" choice " "	15.00

Provision Markets.

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Green apples, per bushel	40
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	10
Dried Currants, per pound	8
New Raisins, per pound	16 — 20
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh Butter, per pound	12
Cheese, per pound	16
Country Hams, per pound	8
Hams, sugar cured	13
Shoulders	10
Breakfast Bacon	12½
Country Bacon	8
Lard, leaf, per pound	10
Lard, country, per pound	8
Eggs, per dozen	12½
Potatoes, per bushel	30
New Potatoes, per bushel	1 00
Dried Beef	20
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	25
Country Side, per pound	8
Canned Tomatoes, per can	10—12—15
Canned Corn, per can	10—12½—18
Lemons, per dozen	30
Oranges, per dozen	40—50
Dried Sweet Corn, per pound	10
Apple Butter, per gallon	35
Buffer Flour, per sack	1 25

BOOTS & SHOES.

JOHN M. COBLE,

LEMONT, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order, at two dollars less a pair than than the same can be purchased in Bellefonte or any other large town.

First class work and material. Nothing cheap but the price. Satisfaction guaranteed in fit and style.

All I ask is one trial, I know that after that I shall have your trade.

CALL ON OR ADDRESS AS ABOVE
V23 N27 tf

COURT PROCLAMATION—Whereas, the Hon. A. O. Furst, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial district, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Daniel Rhoads and the Hon. Thomas F. Riley, Associate Judges in Centre, having issued their precept bearing date the 30th day July, of 1892, to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and commence on the 4th Monday of August the 22nd day of August, 1892, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner. Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then of there to prosecute against them shall be just.

Give under my eand, at Bellefonte, the 30th day of July, in the year of our Lord, 1892, and the one hundred and fifteenth year of the Independence of the United States.

WM. A. ISHLER, Sheriff.
23 30 4t

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Wonderfully Successful in All Chronic Diseases

—DISEASES OF THE—
Ear, Eye, Nose, Throat, Lungs and Nasal Catarrh.
ALL EYE OPERATIONS SUCCESSFULLY PERFORMED BY THEM.

DR. MORITZ SALM
—WILL BE AT—
THE BUSH HOUSE,
Bellefonte, Pa.,
SATURDAYS—JUNE 25, JULY 23, AUG. 20, SEPT. 17, OCT. 15, NOV. 12, DEC. 10, JAN. 7, FEB. 4, MAR. 4, APR. 1 & 29, MAY 27, JUNE 24. ALSO
ONE DAY ONLY.
Examination and Consultation FREE to Everybody.

They will visit this county every four weeks, thus saving their patients the trouble and expense of visiting the city, as they are the only physicians and surgeons in the country who carry their own manakins, models, diagrams, etc., to illustrate and make it plain to all afflicted the cause and nature of their disease. This will give their numerous patients and others who are in need of medical treatment an opportunity to consult these distinguished physicians whose duties at the Institute will permit only monthly visits to your community.

EPILEPSY AND INSANITY.

My daughter Alice had epilepsy to such a degree as to make her idiotic. She was of no use for work, and was not able to recognize any one, we brought her to Dr. Salm for treatment, and the improvement the Dr. worked on her is wonderful. She can work again, has her right mind, no more fits and can talk intelligibly with any one, and is hale and hearty again. JACAB SHAFFER.
Mechanicsburg, Pa. Oct. 21, 1891.

RUNNING OF THE EAR AND DEAFNESS CURED.

For the last eight years my little daughter, Bertha, has had a severe case of running of the ear, the odor was fearful, she became pale, thin and generally complained, but after a course of treatment with Dr. Salm, she is hale and hearty, all running of the ear has stopped and her hearing before having been bad is good again. We recommend the doctor.
I G JONES.

Our daughter Mary has been crosseyed since birth, she is now 14 years old, and this day we brought her to Dr. Salm, who visits Indiana every four weeks, an operation was made of not more than a minute's duration, and was without pain no chloroform being given The eye is now as straight as any one's.
THOS. A JOHNSTON
SUE M JOHNSTON.
Advance, Indiana Co., Pa., Nov. 20, 1890.

CATARRH & BRONCHITIS CURED.

Dr. M. Salm treated me for catarrh and bronchitis. I had been affected with it for years and was incapacitated for any work and suffered with sleeplessness, but now consider myself entirely cured. Will be glad to answer any questions pertaining to the above testimonial gratefully. JOHN NEWDORFER.
Delmont, Pa.

LUNG TROUBLE & CATARRH CURED

I have had lung trouble and a bad case of catarrh for years, my breathing became very laborious about a year before I came to Dr. M Salm under treatment, and I was unable to do any work whatever, appetite all gone and I became a complete physical wreck and I could see in my friends' eyes that they gave me up for lost. However, after all this, I consider myself now entirely cured, breathing good, no more catarrh, can work all day and feel happy once more; thanks to this great doctor. LIZZIE ALLISON.
Oct. 22, 1891. Blairsville Intersection.

REMOVAL OF POLIPUS.

For the last 12 years I have been troubled with catarrh and for the last 3 years could not breathe through my nostrils; had tried several doctors, and patent medicine in abundance without avail. Dr. Salm, of Columbus, said I had polipus in connection with catarrh; he removed them for me and I breathe again comfortably through both nostrils; altogether I am feeling much better and find myself on the highway to recovery.
WM. ROSENBERGER,
18 Muskingum St.,
June 27, 1889. Massillon, O.

WE THOUGHT SHE COUEDN'T LIVE BUT A FEW MONTHS LONGER.

My daughter has been under Dr. Salm's treatment for catarrh for six months, before that time her breath smelled fearfully, she was pale, weak and emaciated, and we thought she couldn't live but a few months longer; however, to-day she is entirely cured from that fearful malady and is in good health as anyone may wish for, not a vestige of the catarrh being apparent. Thanks to Dr Salm's wonderful treatment. AUGUST PETERS.
April 4, 1890 P. O. Box, 460, Massillon.

Diseases of Women, such as have baffled the skill of all other physicians and remedies, quickly cured. Cancers, Tumors, fibroid and polypoid growths cured without the use of the knife or caustics. No cutting, no pain no danger.

Manhood perfectly restored: Quick, painless, and certain cure for impotence, lost manhood, spermatorrhea l losses, weak and nervous debility, also for prostatis, vericocele, and all private diseases, whether from imprudent habits of youth or sexual functions, speedily and permanently cured. Consultation free and strictly confidential. Absolute cure guaranteed. No risk incurred. Free examination of the Urine—each persons applying for medical treatment should send or bring 2 to 4 ounces of urine, which will receive a careful chemical and microscopic examination. Small Tumors, Cancers, Warts, Moles, etc., removed without acids, knife, pain or scar. New method Electroysis, Epilepso or fits scientifically treated and positively cured by a never-failing method. Address all communications to Box 760. Columbus, Ohio. Examination and consultation free to everybody.

Our Advertisement will Appear Twice Before Each Visit

WALTERS' METALIC SHINGLES are made from the best brands of roofing Tin plate, and steel sheets galvanized. You can buy them painted or not. Our Galvanized Shingles are rain and rust proof, without the necessity of painting. Our painted Tin Shingles are more durable and ornamental than it is possible to make a tin roof. put on in the old fashioned style. Write for price list R. THE NATIONAL SHEET METAL ROOFING CO., 9 Cliff street, New York. 23 23 26t

TELEGRAPHY.

A young man or woman who desires to become a Telegraph operator, may hear of an unusual opportunity to learn by addressing W. W. DUNLAP, 606 N. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 23 24 4t

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MRS. BRIGGS' CLERK.

He was a tall, thin, starved-looking boy, with a little jacket, the sleeves of which crept half way up his arms, and a hat that was nothing but a brim, and when she saw him he was eating a crust out of the gutter. She was only a poor old woman who kept a little shop for candy and trimmings, and poor enough itself, heaven knew; but, she said, he looked a little like what her Tom might if he had grown up and been neglected, and she couldn't stand it. She called to him:

"Come here, sonny," she said; and the boy obeyed.

Before she could speak again, he said:

"I didn't do it. I'll take my oath on anything. I didn't do it. I ain't so mean."

"Didn't do what?" said the pleasant old woman.

"Break your winder," said the boy, nodding his head toward a shattered pane.

"Why, I broke that myself, with my shutter last night," said the old woman. "I ain't strong enough to lift them, that's the fact. I'm getting old."

"If I'm round here when you shut up, I'll do it for you," said the boy. "I'd just as soon. What was that you wanted me for?"

"I want to know what you was eating that dry crust out of the gutter for?" was the reply.

"Hungry," he said. "I've tried to get a job all day. I'm going to sleep in an area over there, after it's too dark for a policeman to see, and you can't have a good night's sleep without some supper, if it is a little dirty."

"I'll give you some that's clean," said the old woman.

"That will be begging," he said.

"No," she said, "you can sweep the store and pavement, and put up the shutters for it."

"Very well," he said. "Thankee, then. If I sweep up first, I'll feel better."

Accordingly she brought him a broom, and he did the work well. Afterward he ate his supper with a relish. That night he slept, not in the area, but under the old woman's counter.

He had told her his story. His name was Dick; he was 12 years old, and his father, whom he had never seen sober, was in prison for life.

The antecedents were not elevating, but the boy seemed good. The next morning the old woman engaged a clerk for her small establishment. The terms were simple—"his living and a bed under the counter."

When the neighbors heard of it they were shocked. A street boy, whom no one knew. Did Mrs. Briggs really want to be murdered in her bed? But Mrs. Briggs felt quite safe. She had so much time now that she was going to take in sewing. Dick attended to the shop altogether. He kept it in fine order, and increased the business by introducing candies and chewing gum. Pennies came in as they never came in before, since he had painted signs in red and blue ink to the effect that the real old molasses candy was to be got there, and that this was the place for peanuts.

And in the evening after the shop was shut up she began to take him into her confidence.

Her great dream was to buy herself into a home for the aged. It would cost her $100. She was saving for it. She had been saving for three years, and had $15 of it. But it cost so much to live, with tea 25 cents per quarter and loaves so small; and she been sick, and there was the doctor and Mrs. Jones' Maria Jane to be paid for minding her and the shop.

After this Dick took the greatest interest in the savings, and the winter months increased them, as though he had brought a blessing. One night in the spring she took the bag from under the pillow, and counted what it had. It was $80.

"And I'll begin to make kites to-morrow, Mrs. Briggs," said the boy, "and you'll see the custom it will bring. If a little shaver sees the kites he'll spend all he has for 'em, and then he'll coax his mother for more to buy the stick darts and chewing gum. I know boys."

"You're a clever boy yourself," said the old woman, and patted his hand.

It was a plumper hand than it had been when it picked the crust out of the gutter, and he wore clean, whole clothes, though they were made of very coarse cloth.

"How wrong all the neighbors were!" she said. "That boy is the comfort of my life."

So she went to bed with the treasure under her pillow, and slept. Far on in the night she awoke. The room was utterly dark; there was not a ray of light; but she heard a step upon the floor.

"Who is that?" she cried.

There was no answer, but she felt that there was some one leaning over the bed; then a hand clasped her throat and held her down, and dragged out the bag, and she was released. Half suffocated, she for a moment found herself motionless and bewildered, conscious only of a draught of air from the open door and some confused noises. Then she sprung to the door, and hurried into the little shop.

"Dick! Dick! she cried. "Dick! Dick! help! wake up! I'm robbed!"

There was no answer, the door into the street was wide open, and by the moonlight that poured through it she quickly saw, as she peeped under the counter, that Dick's bed was empty. The boy was gone.

Gone! Gone! Oh, that was worse to Granny Briggs than even the loss of her money, for she had trusted him, and he had deceived her. She had loved him, and he had abused her love. The neighbors were right; she was a fool to trust a strange street boy, and had been served rightly when he robbed her.

It was 10 o'clock. Granny sat mourning by the kitchen hearth. Good-natured Mrs. Jones, from up stairs, was "seeing to things" and trying to cheer her, when suddenly there came a rap on the door, and a policeman looked in.

"Mrs. Briggs?" he said.

"Here she is," said Mrs. Jones.

"Yes, I'm the wretched crittur," said Mrs. Briggs.

"Some one wants to see you at headquarters," said the officer. "There's a boy there, and some money."

"Dick!" cried Mrs. Briggs. "Oh, I can't bear to look at him!"

But Mrs. Jones had already tied on her bonnet, and wrapped her in a shawl, and taken her on her arm.

"The wretch!" she said. "I'm so glad he's caught; you'll get your money back."

And she led Mrs. Briggs along—poor Mrs. Briggs, who cried all the way and cared nothing for the money. And soon they were at their destination. Then, not before, the policeman turned to the two women.

"It's pretty bad," he said. "They'll take him to the hospital in an hour. I suppose you are prepared for that. He's nearly beaten to death!"

"Did you beat him, you cruel wretch?" cried Mrs. Briggs. "I wouldn't have had it done for half the money. Let him go with it, if it's any comfort to him."

"I beat him!" said the man. "Well, women have the stupidest heads. Why, if I hadn't got up when I did he'd have been dead. He held the bag of money tight, and the thief was pummeling him with a loaded stick; and the pluck he had for a little shaver, I tell you, I never saw the like.

"You sha'n't take granny's money from her," says he, and he fought like a tiger. If it's your money, old lady, he's given his life for it for all I know."

"Oh, Dick, Dick! I know you were good. I must have been crazy to doubt you," and then she wrung her hands and cried: "Oh, Dick, for just a paltry bit of money!"

And so she knelt beside the still, pale face upon the pillow, and kissed it and called it tender names.

And Dick, never guessing her suspicions of him, whispered:

"I was so afraid he'd get off with it, granny, if he killed me, and you in such high hopes last night."

He did not know what she meant by begging him to forgive her. It would have killed him if he had, for he was very near to death.

Dick did not die. He got well at last, and went back to the little shop. And, though Granny Briggs had her savings, she never went to the old ladies' home; for long before she died Dick was one of the most prosperous merchants in the city, and his handsome house was hers, and she was happy.—*Waverly.*

THE ENGLISH PIRATE.

Many years ago, when we were mere boys, we used to sit upon a low stool, at the feet of Commodore Samuel Tucker, and hear that old veteran relate the incidents that had come under his own observation during our last struggle with Great Britain. Among the thousand and one stories that we heard fall from the lips of that ocean warrior, the following has remained fresh in our memory:

On the western shore of Penobscot bay, between Belfast and Camden, there was a small club of fishermen's cots, inhabited by a hardy set of men, who had, from infancy, been brought up amid the music of the breaking waves, and who knew no fear beneath the power of mortal man. Foremost among these hardy children of the sea, and occupying the station of a sort of ruler among them, was a middle-aged man, named Enoch Nightingale, or as he was generally called, Captain Nightingale; and never was a man better fitted by nature for the post he held by general consent than he was. Powerful and athletic in his physical mould, bold and fearless as the forest monarch, and frank and generous in his social relations, he was beloved and respected by all who knew him. He was a jolly fellow, too, and often, as his small gray eyes twinkled in their merry mood, a close observer might have seen a keen love of practical joking lurking in their gleaming depths.

At the time of which we write, the fishermen dared not venture far out to sea, for a close blockade was kept up along the coast, and so they were forced to forego the advantages of their best fishing grounds; but a new idea had taken possession of their brains, and they had thought of fitting out a privateer against the English. For two weeks had this matter been talked over, and all the arms necessary to personal warfare had been procured, but no vessel suitable for the enterprise could be obtained, nor could they raise guns heavy enough for sea use, even had they possessed the vessel. Of pistols and cutlasses they had enough, and that was all, unless we add one old iron six-pounder, which served as a kind of signal gun in cases of heavy fogs and stormy nights.

It was just at nightfall that Obed Nightingale's shallop (Obed was the old man's son), came up the bay, and as the young man came on shore he reported that there was an English topsail schooner, a clean, clipper-built craft, laying off and on between Manhegan and the Ledges. She was heavily armed, and seemed to play about in the water as though her heels were made for running.

Now Captain Enoch Nightingale had said but very little about the various projects that had been set on foot with regard to the privateering expedition, but he had thought a great deal, and as soon as his son communicated the above intelligence his thoughts came to a focus. A plan of operation was clearly marked out in his mind, and he at once set about the work of putting it into effect. The man who stood second to Captain Nightingale, and who was, in fact, Captain Nightingale's first mate, was Jabe Haskins, and upon him the old man first called.

"Jabe," said the captain, "did you know there was a British clipper just outside?"

"Yes."

"Well, s'pose we go out and take her?"

"Do what?"

"Take that Englishman."

"W-h-e-w!"

"But I'm in earnest."

Jabe looked at Nightingale in utter astonishment.

"I can go out in my little 'Rhody' and take her before she knows where she is. Now, will you help me?"

"I'll foller yer, cap'n, if you go to thunder," was Jabe's hearty response, as he saw that the old man was in earnest.

Captain Nightingale took his mate by the arm and led him off. The night was dark but still there was a busy scene on board the schooner "Rhody," which was the heaviest fishing vessel in the place. Torches were gleaming to and fro all night long, hammers and saws were sending forth their music, and when the morning dawned the "Rhody" was ready for sea. The signal gun had been hoisted on board, and placed upon a rude sort of carriage amidships, the cod-line beckets and bait boxes had been cleared away, and, take her all in all, she bore some faint resemblance to an embryo pirate or privateer.

She was manned by twelve men of whom Jabe Haskins took the command. The people wondered where Captain Nightingale was, but Jabe set their hearts at rest by telling them that he would get outside as soon as the schooner did.

In an hour after daylight the "Rhody" hove up her anchor and made sail, and in less than five hours she poked her blunt nose into the waters of the Atlantic. Shortly after the schooner had passed White Head light, the Englishman was made out about two miles distant, to the south'rd and west'rd, just off the Ledges, and hauling his sheets flat aft, Jabe brought his vessel up to the wind, which was fresh from the north'rd and east'rd, and stood off towards the latter point. This looked amazingly like trying to run away, at least, so the Englishman thought, and consequently the clipper was immediately put in full chase, and though she was somewhat to the leeward, still it was evident that she would not be long in overhauling the Yankee.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the Englishman came almost within hailing distance and fired a gun. As the shot came whizzing over the fisherman's deck Jabe Haskins at once hove to, and ere long the clipper came up.

"Schooner ahoy!"

"Hello!" returned Jabe.

"Do you surrender?"

"Wal, ef yeou want t'take us I s'pose I can't help myself."

The clipper hove her fore-topsail to the mast and lowered a boat, and in some five minutes afterwards her commander, followed by fifteen men, came over the Yankee's side. The first object that met his gaze as he stepped upon the deck was the old iron gun amidships, and though the thought of an American pirate made him feel sore, yet he could not help laughing at the almost ridiculous scene thus presented to his gaze. The twelve green-looking fishermen, together with that gun did present rather a ludicrous appearance.

"So you are on a piratical expedition?" tauntingly remarked the British officer.

"I dono," returned Jabe, with an offended air. "I s'pose ef I'd cum across one o' your crafts 'at I could 'ave took I should 'ave done it; but I dono as I should a been pirating any more'n you are now."

"How many men have you got?"

"Here's twelve on us, an' ef yeou ev got twelve men 'at ken lick us, I'd like tew see 'em."

"Never mind about that, Jonathan. We'll take you into Halifax, and there perhaps you will find your match."

The schooner was searched fore and aft, but all that could be found were a dozen old pistols and about as many swords, which were in the cabin, while in the hold they discovered nothing but an array of empty boxes and barrels. The Englishman left twelve of his own men to take charge of the prize, and took six of the prisoners on board his own vessel, leaving the other six under the charge of the officer who had been appointed to the command of the "Rhody," and also left orders that the schooner should be kept close in his wake during the night, as he intended to see her safely out of reach of the Yankee coasters.

Until nine o'clock at night the "Rhody" stood on after the clipper, with all sail set, while the latter only carried her mainsail and two jibs. The six Yankees who had been left on board were secured in the long-boat, while the lieutenant in command and five of his men had the first watch. When the clipper struck two bells the vessels were not more than two cable lengths apart, the prize being a little to windward, as, owing to her bad sailing, the lieutenant wished to keep the weather gauge. The night was quite dark and the wind, which had fallen some since sundown, had veered slightly to the northward.

While the prize-masters were earnestly engaged in keeping up with the clipper, a very novel scene was being enacted in the hold. One of the boards, which seemed to form part of a stationary floor, was lifted from its place and the head of old Captain Enoch Nightingale appeared through the aperture. In a moment more another board was removed, and ere long forty stout fishermen, all well armed, had come up from their place of concealment. It was but a moment's work to leap on deck, and ere the thunderstruck lieutenant could see from whence came the enemy he was bound hand and foot and so were his men, while the poor prisoners were set free from the long-boat. Obed Nightingale took the helm and his father, pointing a cocked pistol at the head of the English officer, said:

"Do you think we are in earnest, or not?"

"I should think you were," replied the trembling officer.

"Then if you do not obey me you will get a bullet through your head in an instant. Now hail the clipper."

"'Scorpion,' ahoy!" shouted the lieutenant, as if for dear life.

In the meantime the Yankee had been let off a little from the wind, so that she was now within little more than a cable's length of her captor, while the bold fishermen were nearly all crouched beneath the bulwarks.

Some one from the clipper answered the call.

"Tell them the schooner has sprung a leak, and that the cussed Yankees must have thrown the pump-brakes overboard."

The poor lieutenant looked first at the stern face of the old man, then at the muzzle of the pistol and then stretching his lungs to the utmost he obeyed the order.

"Now tell them to heave-to and you'll run alongside."

The frightened officer obeyed, and on the next moment the clipper's helm was put hard down and her main boom shoved over to the windward.

Seven of the Yankee fishermen were stationed along the lee rail, with stout grapplings in their hands, and in less than five minutes the "Rhody's" bowsprit loomed up over the clipper's weather quarter. Obed shoved the helm down, and letting go the sheets fore and aft, the Yankee schooner shot gracefully alongside.

"Why —— didn't you come up under our lee quarter?" shouted the English captain, as the fisherman thumped against the side of his vessel; but before he could utter any more of the wrath with which he was literally boiling over, he found his deck swarming with strangers.

The whole thing had come about so unaccountably, and, withal, so suddenly, that hardly a blow was struck by the astounded Englishmen, and before they were fully aware that they had been captured by their own insignificant prize, they were securely bound and most of them stowed away below under a strong guard.

"Wall, cap'n," said Jabe Haskins, who had been released from durance vile, as he came aft to where that functionary stood by the side of old Nightingale, "when dew yeou think of takin' us intew Halifax?"

The Englishman looked very hard at his uncouth tormentor, but he disdained any reply.

"I say, cap'n," continued Jabe, in a very unfeeling manner, "I rayther guess as heow't that are exploit o' yourn won't amount tew a great deal, will it? But, look here, don't, for mercy's sake, go home an' tell your king 'at yeou got took by a Penobscot cod fisherman, 'cause it might hurt his feelin's."

This time the Englishman's answer was more wicked and unfeeling than had been Jabe's, for he not only swore terribly, but he even wished that every Yankee in Christendom was in the immediate kingdom of that horned and hoofed individual who is said to reign somewhere beneath the earth.

Before the sun had set on the next day the English prisoners were all landed at Belfast, and Captain Enoch Nightingale found himself in command of as handsome a privateer as floated in American waters, and until peace was declared and the embargo raised, he carried on a most destructive trade among the British merchantmen.—*Yankee Blade.*

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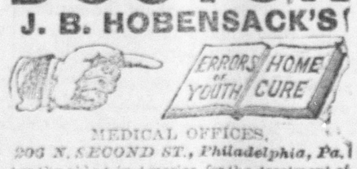

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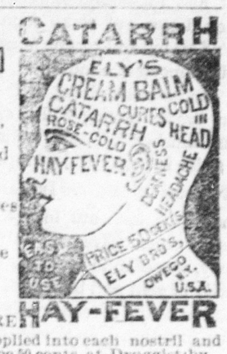

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BERNARD'S LETTER.

We were all poor in our village, but some of us were poorer than others—so poor that we had not black bread enough to eat—so poor that, when the hard winter came creeping upon us like some cruel, hungry tiger, we had no brands with which to scare it off.

In Bettina's cottage, where she sat and spun while her childish old grandparents nodded in their chairs beside the fireplace, all was as clean as it could have been in a palace; but she had hard work to fill those two old mouths and her own also. There was no one else to do it.

The lady at the great house bought her flax and paid well for it. But, after all, Bettina had but her two hands; and two little brown hands can not do all the world's work.

"Wait patiently," Bettina said to me sometimes. "What does it matter? We love each other; we trust each other; let us be content."

But I could not be content. I felt if I would win Bettina I must leave Savoy and go to America. I told Bettina so, and though she wept, she said, "Go—go, Bernard, and I will pray for you. It is all a girl can do."

At last I had money for the voyage. I had saved it little by little for two long years, and now the parting hour had come.

"It is that we may be with each other always some day that we part now," I said.

Her tears fell over my neck. We pressed each other in a long embrace. At last I tore myself away, and blinded by my tears set off upon my journey. We crossed the sea in safety. I stood at last in a strange land and among strange people.

A year passed by — twelve long months; so long, counted by love's reckoning, and yet I hoped and strove. One more year and she would come to me. The months would slip away like the beads upon the rosary of one who prays for blessings. I should feel her hand in mine when they were all counted. I should press my lips to hers—all would be forgotten but our meeting, and while I lived the old people should share our happiness.

With such thoughts as these in my mind I entered the great factory where I worked one day. I said to myself as I threw off my jacket, "At noontime I will write to Bettina."

What do we know of noontime at dawn? What do we know of night at midday? Nothing.

I remember thinking this. I remember crossing the long room. I remember a sudden flash and crash, and the oaths of men and a girl's mad scream. After that a sense of pain awakened me, and I found myself lying in the dark, with my own hand, cold and clammy, lying in a great, warm soft hand that held it very tenderly.

I tried to rise. I could not.

"Where am I?" I said, and my voice sounded low and hoarse in my own ears. "Who is this?"

"It is the doctor," said a voice. "Be calm my friend."

"Is it night?" I asked.

"It is night."

"Why do you not light a lamp?"

He made no answer.

"What has happened?"

"Do you not remember?"

"I remember a noise."

"It was an explosion," he said, after a pause. "You were hurt. There were many killed outright."

"Doctor," I said, "is it night?"

"It is night!" he said solemnly.

"But only for me! I know that I am smitten blind!"

"Try to be calm, my friend," he whispered. "It is hard—but try to bear it!"

What can we do but bear what God sends upon us? But I did not bear it well. Can you wonder? All was gone—all my hopes of life, and even all that I had won in the last year. Some wretch had stolen the little moleskin pouch from my bosom. I was a beggar and blind! I prayed to die, but I lived and grew strong again.

One day as I sat by the hospital window, I formed a resolution. I said to myself: "I can be brave enough to spare Bettina something; and I will do it though my suffering should be increased by the act. I know that if she knew the truth she would grieve bitterly and remain true to me. I know that if I were sent home, and the doctor says I might be, she would even marry me, and try to feed me as she does her helpless ones. That shall never be! I will send her word that I am dead, and then, when she has grieved awhile, youth will triumph; she will marry the young farmer who loves her so truly, and is good as well as rich, and she will only remember poor Bernard tenderly as one who loved her in the past. And young Bernard is really dead. The blind beggar is not the same man.

The good doctor shall write me a letter, and so as he passed I called to him and told him all.

"It will be best for her," I said. "I will set her free. She will grieve bitterly, I know, but the other lover will one day blot out my memory. Tell her I died with her name on my lips—I do. As I die, heart and soul, here before you, I have but one thought—it is Bettina.

"And you think she does not love you as well?" he said.

"She loves me even as I love her," I said. "Ah, doctor, it is because I love her so that I would spare her all I can. You will write."

"I will write," he said. "Stay—come to my office. I have a nurse here now who can break the news tenderly, I believe, if any one can. She has waited on you for a day or two saying very little, I forbade that. But her hands are soft, her touch kind, I think."

"Heaven bless her! She is gentle as a mother," I said. "Yes, let her write the letter."

He took my hand in his and led me to the room he called his office. Then he left me a moment, and when he returned I heard the rustle of a woman's garments following him.

"This is the nurse who will write the letter," he said.

"I thank her," said I. "Be gentle, madam; my Bettina has a gentle heart."

"What shall I write?" she asked almost in a whisper.

"Write that I am dead." I said. "Write that I love her to the last. Write that I bade you tell her when her grief had passed to wed another, and be happy."

"Happy, and you dead!" she said. "And she loves you."

"Madam," said I, "we have a proverb in our country that 'the dead trouble is better than a living one.' A blind beggar whom she loved and who hopelessly loved her, would be heavier on Bettina's life than the memory of her dead Bernard. I can do little now, but I can do this. Write, madame."

The pen moved over the paper. Soon she said: "I have written. Shall I read it to you?"

I answered: "Yes, if you will, madam."

She began: "Die, unhappy girl! Your Bernard has perished. What is life to you any longer? He is dead. Had he lived, blind, or maimed, or helpless in any way, there would be hope for you. You could fly to him; you could comfort him; you could toil for him; you could be his sunlight. Alas! no such joy awaits you. He is no longer anywhere where you can find him. Lie down and die. That is all you can do. He is dead."

She ended in a flood of tears. I started to my feet.

"Why do you write thus?" I cried. "Who are you? How did you come by that voice? Speak!"

Then I felt two little hands steal about my neck and a wet cheek touched mine, and a whisper came: "Bernard, it is I. Did you not guess? Do you not know your own Bettina?"

She clasped me closer. I heard the door close; the doctor was gone.

"The good doctor!" she said. "The first day of your illness he found a letter you had begun to me—and sent it with word of your misfortune; and a letter to one who could bring me to you if I desired to come. Ah, heaven bless you, he knew a woman's heart better than you did! When the letter came my dear grandparents were lying dead. I only stayed to look upon their grave before I came to you. You were so feeble that he dared not let me tell you who I was at first. To-day you were to know. Ah, Bernard, to-day, when you would have written to me that you were dead. Bernard, how could you do it? How could you do so?"

"It would have been best for you," I said.

But she clasped me closer.

My life has been a dark one ever since; but Bettina's hand has led me day by day, and the good doctor's kindness has been shown to us in teaching me such work as I can do. I shall never see the sweet face that I remember so well. But I know its beauty and its goodness, and the love-light in the eyes, too well to forget them. And I know that I am dearer to her for my misfortune, and I am happy.—*N. Y. Evening World.*

STORY-TELLING MINERS.

A group of old mining men who have been doing some hard swearing in the United States Court for the past week were camped in the reading-room of the Markham trying to shock one another with yarns about their special line of business, says the Denver *News*. Some of the tales were wofully moss-covered, but the old fellows didn't enjoy them any the less because they had heard the same things at intervals for the last quarter of a century. Finally they branched off from mining proper into quarrying. None of them ever did any quarrying, and it was perhaps for that reason that the romances were saturated with a lurid irridescent coloring. First of all it was agreed that getting out big blocks of stone wasn't much of a job anyway, and required no such intellect as burrowing into the depths of a mountain with a real mine. Then it was agreed that it was a wonder that any quarryman lived more than a week.

"Up there by my place," said a red-faced hearty looking man from the Gunnison country, "they don't seem to think anything of putting in a blast with more powder than a couple of locomotives, and then standing around to sort of encourage it to go off and kill half a dozen of them. If it doesn't seem to be a good, healthy blast they go over and grin down the hole at it and poke it familiarly. Every now and then a couple of them are hoisted in several directions over the hills. The survivors have a satisfied air for a week after, and sit around the saloons telling how things are beginning to pick up again like old times. Then again, don't think they are doing their duty unless they shower rocks over a township. My house is a quarter of a mile away from the nearest quarry, and the outside of it is covered with dents made by flying rocks."

His auditors looked at one another doubtfully, but he kept right on with perfect evenness.

"People don't know what those heavy blasts are. Cannons are nothing to them. I saw a case myself where a stone that weighed, I should say, twenty pounds was thrown eight miles. Maybe you don't believe that, but it is true. I tell you those quarrymen are the most reckless lot of fellows on earth. They got so used to tearing things up by the acre that I believe they are making their charges bigger and bigger every day. Do you know why game leaves the neighborhood of the quarries?"

"Quarrymen eat them maybe," ventured a little man.

"Eat them, nothing! So many are killed by the shower of stones that the remainder leave."

The party broke up in a thoughtful and abstracted way.

A Terrible Loss.

"They say Mrs. Smith took on terribly at Smith's death."

"Yes; poor thing! she could scarcely be reconciled to his loss."

"Did she get much insurance?"

"No; it was a total loss. All his policies had lapsed."—*Judge.*

Cjerks—"You know old Sample, the biggest liar in the Northwest? Well, he's going into business." Bjerks—"What's he going into?" Cjerks—"He hasn't made up his mind whether to be a weather prophet or a crop statistician."—*Minneapolis Journal.*

SOUDANESE SOLDIERS.

It Takes a Bold Commander to Restrain Their Impetuosity.

The Soudanese troops are vastly interesting, says the *Contemporary Review*. The jet-black creatures, resembling amiable gorillas in face, of all heights and only one thickness, narrow-hipped, thin-chested, with no backs to their heads and no calves to their legs, are liked and trusted by their officers to a remarkable extent. There is little of the red Indian in them; they would not fire into a sand hill or stand still to be cut down. The dervish is their oppressor and natural enemy, and they only desire the opportunity to "get at him" at as close quarters as possible. They are children in their love of decoration and their whims and their devotion to their officers. They are savage in their dislike of discipline and their passionate impatience of restraint on the battle-field. For this reason—to keep them back—they have more English officers to a battalion than Egyptian troops. They detest drill and blank cartridge. They are enthusiastic over every rumor of approaching fight.

I was told a delightful story of one recent action in which they took a prominent part. The enemy was under cover not far off; but the firing line of blacks were blazing away at him as fast as they could open and close their rifles. In vain their officers tried to stop them. The waste of ammunition threatened to become extremely serious, and their commanding officer, a Scotchman, who had seen many fights with them, losing his temper, rode up and down behind the line, cursing them with every abusive epithet in a fairly adequate vocabulary of Arabic invective. But entirely without effect. At last one of them happened to turn, and discovered the beloved Bey in evidently a very excited state of mind. He at once rose, ran back to him, and, patting him reassuringly on the boot, he said: "Don't be frightened, Bey; it's all right. We're here; we'll take care of you." The Scotch Bey, however, was equal to the occasion. He rode out through the line and walked his horse up and down in front of the rifles. "Now," he said, "if you must fire fire at me." After this it is not surprising to read in dispatches that this officer has twice recently had his horse shot under him.

An Impostor.

Eulalie—"The handsome young man who has been so attentive to me is an artist."

Cora—"I'm sure you are mistaken, my dear. If he was a real artist he couldn't afford to spend the summer in the country."—*N. Y. Sun.*

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South Africa. A Series of Letters from the Diamond Fields. By H. H. B. Harrison, of Johannisberg, South Africa.

Among the Moonshiners of North Carolina. By Gen. Marcus J. Wright.

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Frank G. Carpenter will continue his interesting letters.

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This is only a partial list. Other attractive features will be announced from time to time.

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Bellefonte Republican,

To Correspondents.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—The P. O. S. of A. have over fifty thousand members in this state.

—The late rains have put the corn on its ear and made the potatoes open their eyes.

—Labor Day is on Sept. 5. It will be observed in this town, at least by the banks.

—There are many christians who stop believing the Bible as soon as they see a dollar.

—It is said that the petition for a post Office at Waddles Station will be granted in a few days.

—David Shivery, of Buffalo Run, has quit his saw mill for a while and is traveling the road with his traction engine and separator.

—The young ladies at Waddles Methodist sunday school will hold a festival next Saturday, Aug 20. in Waddle's school House. Everybody is invited,

—Rev. E. F. Johnston occupied the Presbyterian pulpit at Philipsburg last Sunday for the last time as pastor of that society. A large audience was present.

—There will be a Festival at Unionville next Friday and Saturday evenings, Aug 19,20 for the benefit of the Baptist church It is hoped there will be a large turnout.

—The Democratic majority in Alabama has fallen from 110,000 to 15,000 and it is claimed by the People's Party of that state that even that was stolen and that by an honest count they are beaten by 40,000

—A new Methodist church was dedicated at Munson, near Philipsbug, last Saturday. Rev C. W. Rishel of the Morrisdale charge is the pastor. The dedication sermon was preached by Rev Wonnor, of Wallaceton.

The man who puts five cents in the box at church and fifteen cents in the saloon till is evidently intent upon conciliating both sides. His motto is good Lord, good devil, and he leans rather to the side of the latter.

—The firm of Garman & Lukenbach, at Philipsburg, has been dissolved, Mr. Will Garman selling his interest to Mr. John C. Rowe. Mr. Garman, wife and baby have returned to Bellefonte. Rowe is a tailor by trade and a very popular young man.

—The fire companies of Bellefonte have elected as fire marshals Chief, Mitch Cunningham; 1st asst. Frank Waltz; 2nd asst. John Pearl. The first is a member of the Logans, the last two of the Undines. The council will have to confirm these selections.

—Samuel Diehl and Harry Bidwell and son left Bellefonte last Friday for black berries and they say they found them in immense quantities at Glenn Harris. They got into one patch from which a car load could have been gathered. They brought home over forty quarts.

—Mr. Frank McCoy is making extensive repairs to his home on the pike leading to Milesburg known as the Burnside property. A new roof has been put on, a new porch round the front of the house, repainting, etc. It will be very much improved. Robert Cole is the architect.

—If the machine to tell how tired a person may be, now on trial at Yale College, proves a success the general public will have great cause to feel afraid of inventive genius. The next thing we hear will be that some "crank" has invented a machine by which it will be possible to tell just what a man has on his conscience.

—Miss Eva Dashem, a single lady nearly 80 years old living near Egg Hill, Potter township, was found dead lying on the ground just outside of her house on Wednesday, Aug, 3. She is supposed to have died of heart disease. She was buried at Farmer's Mills cemetery, on Friday, Aug 5, Rev Fisher, of Centre Hall officiating.

—James Solt, a poor Man who sprinkles the streets, from Spring St. to the bridge on Allegheny St, had fifty feet of hose and nozzel stolen from him last Saturday. Any man who would steal Jim's property is mean enough to take coppers off a dead man's eyes. The thief ought to return the hose then like Judas go away and hang himself.

—John F. Gingher, an infant son of Harry and Doshia Gingher, aged 2 years and 19 days died at Milesburg, July 29 1892. He was the pride of a happy home and will be sadly missed, no subterfuge of resignation can dry the tears of the lonely mother who hear no more the prattle of her loved one, only time can heal the hurt.

—The Reading combination has through the Lehigh Valley Coal company secured all the coal lands at Snow Shoe except those owned by a few small operators who no doubt will be squeezed out before long. The coal will all be shipped over the Beech Creek road, connections of tracks having been made with that road from all the mines as reported in The Republican some weeks ago.

A FIRE DOES DAMAGE AT THE HUNTINGDON REFORMATORY.

A $40,000 Blaze Sunday Night.

Special to the Altoona Tribune,

Huntingdon, Pa., August 14—Two month ago an unsuccessful attempt was made by an inmate of the Huntingdon reformatory to destroy the new three story building used as a brush factory. To-night a more successful attempt was made and now the brush factory and the three-story building used as a carpenter shop are in ruins. At 6 o'clock flames were discovered issuing from the southern end on the third floor. So quickly did the flames spread that before the alarm could be given the entire structure was enveloped in flames. The brush factory contained highly inflammable material.

The steamers were placed on the river-bank, and after a long delay in laying the hose through the main buildings, several streams of water began to pour on the already ruined industrial buildings. The western and southern walls barely escaped destruction. Once the cornice and roof of the hospital and school building attached to the main buildings, were in flames.

The outlook at this phase was dreadful to contemplate. The seething furnace of flames lighted up the whole town, a mile distant. Every moment the fire threatened to communicate with the main building in which 450 inmates were locked in cells. The reformatory was for a time at the mercy of the flames. The main reservoir was almost entirely empty of water and the only hope of succor lay in the assistance of the Huntingdon fire department. Before the firemen arrived, however, the three-story building adjoining the brush factory, which was used as the carpenter shop, took fire and with its valuable contents was totally destroyed.

During the fire a perfect pandemonium prevailed among the 450 inmates. The inside guards could do little to suppress the frantic cries and yells of a portion of the frightened prisoners, while others of less personal fear shouted and whistled in demoniacal glee.

The brush factory was operated by the Consolidated manufacturing company of Philadelphia and employed 120 of the inmates. They had recently placed twenty-seven new machines in the works. This company's loss on stock and machinery will reach $20,000, on which there is an insurance of $7,000. The company's loss is total, even including their books. The loss on the two buildings, which were 200x50 feet, will aggregate $20,000. They were insured for $10,000.

After the firemen arrived Deputy Superintendent Patton, assumed complete control and to him is due the credit of saving much of the state's property. There is not a shadow of doubt that the fire was the malicious work of one of the inmates. It is believed that a lighted match was thrown on the second floor. This is the most serious blaze that the reformatory has never sustained.

SUNDAY PAPERS IN BELLEFONTE.

Last Sunday the Sunday city papers reached Bellefonte on their day of issue for the first time in the history of the town. The carrier with the Philadephia Sunday papers reached Bellefonte about four o'clock in the afternoon with three hundred and thirty copies which were all sold in less than two hours after their arrival. This project is due to the enterprise of Fred S. Dunham news dealer on High street. He left on his trip early in the morning reaching Lock Haven in season to attend church which he did. After resting his horse for five hours he started on the return trip reaching Bellefonte as above stated. He would have got here earlier but the train carrying papers was two hours late reaching Lock Haven on account of carrying a large crowd of passengers to some camp meeting. This new luxury will no doubt be highly appreciated by our reading people while, of course, Sunday papers can be read on Monday by those having abundant leisure they cannot be by business and laboring men, and the Sunday paper of to-day is such an immense thing that hundreds of people that would enjoy and be benefited by them if they could receive them on Sunday are compelled to forego the pleasure of their perusal if they have to wait for them until Monday. The only way business and laboring men could read Sunday papers here tofore was to read the papers of the Sunday previous and we all know how little interest a man sees in a paper a week old.

—Company B, of Bellefonte, passed through Tyrone on Tuesday evening on its way home from Homestead. It was amusing to see how the boys hunted a place to clean up at when they reached town. They expected to be treated to a reception upon their arrival home, and so he who had been longing to see their best girls didn't want to look too tough. While waiting on the train one poor unfortunate was treated to a good shaking up in a blanket. He was tossed high in the air several times, turned numerous summersaults and landed in the blanket. The boys enjoyed the fun and the unfortunate seemed to be none the worse off for his tossing.—Tyrone *Times*.

—A. Lukenbach, is Chief marshal of the parade of the Knight of the Golden Eagle to-day. The procession will form on High street right resting on Spring. The line of march will be up High to Allegheny, to Linn, to Spring, to Bishop, up Bishop to Ridge and countermarch, to Allegheny to High, Thomas and countermarch on High street and mass in the diamond, when the address of welcome will be delivered by Hon. John G. Love and responded to by Past Grand Chief, A. C. Lytle, of Altoona, after which the parade will be dismissed.

HASTINGS' NOTES.

[From Hastings Tribune.[

While our people have been so generally discussing the connection of the Anarchistic element with the assault on H. C. Frick it is probable that but few of them are aware that a well organized society of Anarchists exists in Hastings. The meetings of the society and all proceedings are, of course, secret, and it is impossible to state its present membership, but of its active existence there is no doubt. Le Reville Des Mineurs, published in French at this place, is an ardent advocate of Anarchistic teachings, and is probably indirectly the organ of the society.

Negotiations are in progress between Mr Charles Kinney and a gentleman named Boney, of Philipsburg, for the sale of the Susquehanna Hotel, in this place. The price to be paid is $4,000. If the sale is completed, the family will probably move south.

A German woman named Wallenstein, is at the Mountain House in Ebensburg, awaiting intelligence from her husband. He sent her money to come to him from the old country to some Pennsylvania town, but she lost the letter at Altoona, and now does not know where to find him.

J. C. Hoover, a prominent lumberman and merchant of Julian, Pa., will locate here and engage in business.

Bernard McClain, of Spangler, was a pleasant caller on Friday.

Geo. E. Stover, of Aaronsburg, Centre county, has purchased a lot on Crawford Avenue, and is building a dwelling.

Mrs. Col. Spangler and daughter, Miss Saltsman and Mrs. W. K. Martin dropped in to see us one day last week. Mrs. M. 's a Cuban by birth, a highly educated and refined lady, and we congratulate Mr. M. on his good luck and wish them both a long, successful and happy life.

A distinguished party of Sterling Coal Company people were in town on Friday and remained a few hours. They were Gen. James A. Beaver, Vice President; John C. Bradley, general sales agent, of Philadelphia; George L. Bradley, of New Haven, Conn., who has charge of the company's New England interests, and Mr. Baker, the New York sales agent. They drove over from Cresson that morning and spent the day in looking over the property of their company in this region, visiting Spangler. They are all thorough gentlemen, and will be very welcome when they visit us again.

Gen. Beaver, Mr. Bradley, of Philadelphia, and Mr. McHugh visited Spangler last Friday. Gen. Beaver takes great pride in the development of Spangler. He is a frequent and welcome visitor.

TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATE.

Henry Robb and wife to Hettie Tate lot of ground in Walker township. Consideration $8, deed dated April 19, 1892.

John H Biddle to Rebecca and John W Biddle, lot of ground in Patton township. Consideration $1094 62 deed dated February 14 1871.

Thos M Bierly and wife to Franklin F. Bierly, lot of ground in Miles township Consideration $600; deed dated Aug 2, 1892

Harry N Bierly and wife to Thomas M Bierly, lot of ground in Miles township. Consideration $575; deed dated Oct. 12 1889.

Nat P. Kemp and wife to Mrs, E. R. Duval, lot of ground in Philipsburg. Consideration, $1850; deed dated March 11 1890.

Wm. B Mingle, admr., to Ira Gramley, lot of ground in Haines township, Consideration $65; deed dated June 30, 1891.

Annie M Myers to Flora E Beaver, lot of ground in Potter township. Consideration, $200; deed dated January 15. 1892.

O Perry Jones, trustee, to Mary E Dukeman, lot of ground in Philipsburg, Consideration, $700; deed dated January 22, 1880.

A RARE TREAT WHEN IT COMES.

An attempt is being made to arrange for a discussion of the tariff issue at Bellefonte, at some future day between the two eloquent orators. E. I. Walker, and James Schofield Esq', such a discussion between such eminent gentlemen would attract a large audience. Mr. Walker, is a well known protectionist and will discus the issue as to its relations to labor and Mr. Schofield, who has been known for years, as a most rabid free trader will no doubt claim that the tariff, is a tax. Since his return from a trip to his old home in Ireland, he is more convinced than ever that free trade is just the thing, and that Irishmen, are better off at home than they would be in this "God forsaken protection ridden country of the so called free."

LETTER LIST

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., Aug. 15, 1892.

John G. Allison, (2) A. G. Alexander, H. L. Bressler, Lizzie M. Corl, Mrs. Angeline Caitler, Mrs. Lizzie Gueyer, Henry Gire, Annie Osman, (2) Nancy Pennington, W. P. Rudolph, Sophia Singleton, W. B. Stesens, Millie Shope.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. Fiedler, P. M.

—Philipsburg Council, No 279, O. U. A. M. will hold their third annual picnic at Bigler's Arctic Springs on Tuesday Aug. 30.

THE ACADEMY ADVANTAGES.

Prospects for an Increased Attendance at the Fall Session very Bright.

It will no doubt please the friends of the institution to learn that the prospects for an increased attendance at the Academy this fall are very bright. The improvements made at the Academy one year ago have proven to be a drawing card for that institution such as its many friends hoped they would be. The educational advantages of this school as far as thoroughness of work is concerned had always been up to the highest standard, but the buildings were not in keeping with the work done. To-day that objection is removed and students who wish to secure a thorough education preparatory for college, business or teaching will do well to take advantage of the course offered at the Academy, which is equal to that in the best preparatory schools of this country. The high standing of Academy students at the leading Colleges where they attend attest this fact.

The school rooms which were beautifully papered and painted and equipped with new furniture last year, are as comfortable and attractive as can be found anywhere, and the location of the School on the elevated site which is away from the dust and confusion of the street makes the school life there exceptionally agreeable and satisfactory. The provisions of student's tickets at greatly reduced rates on the different railroads extended the advantages of the Academy to the students living along these lines. Many took advantage of these tickets las year and the indications are that the out of town patronage of the Academy will be larger this year than ever. The students rates on the Bellefonte Central Railroad will be greatly reduced this fall. The Academy Faculty will experience but one change. Miss Caroline Hunter, of the class of '88 of the Pennsylvania State College will assume charge of the Primary department for the first time. Miss Hunter is a young lady of excellent character and comes to teach among us with the best of recommendations. Her lot during the past year was cast in a school in Georgia. This yound lady belongs to one of the oldest and most prominent families of Centre county, and will receive a warm welcome in this community. The other teachers have been connected with the Academy for several years. See the advertisement in another colum.

Circulars of the School will be gladly sent to any address on application.

—The temperance people of Bellefonte and vicinity together with the Methodist Snnday school at Milesburg picnicked at Hunter's Park last Thursday. The train left the Bellefonte station at 10-30 in the morning and had, we should think, about eight hundred people on board. When they arrived at the Park they sought shelter in the pavillion as it was raining and passed the time in social chat until dinner was served. Just about the time dinner was ready a terrible storm came up the rain poured in torrents; an eye witness told us he never saw it rain harder but it did not rain long and while dinner was being served it was pleasant again. Speeches on temperance were made by Rev. Geo. Warren and C. H. Else, Esq., of Milesburg; Rev. Miles Noll, of Bellefonte, and Wm. Thompson, Esq., of Lemont These addresses were very entertaining and were well received by the audience. On account of the rain many of the excurtionists returned on the 3-58 train others waited until six oclock. Notwithstanding the many drawbacks all had a good time.

—The Presbyterians of Bellefonte are going to fix up their church in fine style. The ladies of the church have for years been raising money to buy a pipe organ; they now have the sum which if they raised they were promised the balance by wealthy members of the chuurch to complete the purchase. Now as they are to have a fine organ they seem to think they will have everything in harmony, hence the determination to repair and decorate in fine style. Last week Tuesday a Mr Quering, of the firm of Haverstraw & Son, of Boston, Mass., was here to see what could be done in the way of frescoeing, the design decided upon is said to be very beautiful. Then it is said that artists in church adorning are to see the committee and a man is to come to give expert advice as to where their new organ should be placed. Now when all this is done we expect the Presbyterian church will be equal in beauty to Solomons' Temple and so it should. The temple of the Lord should be a place of beauty.

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

The new five thousand dollar organ to be placed in the Presbyterian church is to be a grand affair worthy of the society and the town. It is to be built by Hook and Hastings, of Boston, Mass. will be 25 feet high, 18 feet wide, 10 feet deep. Have 32 stops and 1589 seperate pipes. It will make an entire car load of material. It will be set up in the church and an organ concert given under the direction of the makers. It is expected to be ready by Christmas.

—Joshua Folk is repairing umbrellas and doing any other odd job that he can get to support his family. A few days ago while at this business he run across a pair of traveling umbrella fixers who berated him soundly for interfering with their business. This is a new feature in the bill of rights. We always supposed a resident of a town had at least an equal right with strangers to solicit work. We do not think, however, that Josh would frighten much at such an attack; he is not built that way.

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

Miss Bessie Doworth is visiting friends in Milton.

Mrs A B Steele of Tyrone is visiting friends in Bellefonte.

Miss Nancy Hendershot, of Tyrone, has been visiting her friends at Curtin.

A. G. Curtin, Jr, of Philadelphia, is visiting relatives and frends in Bellefonte.

Mr. William Flack, of Bellefonte, made a flying trip to Snow Shoe, on Wednesday.

Dr. G. H. Ashman, of Philipsburg, has gone to Detroit, Mich., to stay about two weeks.

Miss Nellie Harpster, of Houtzdale, has been visiting friends and relatives at Port Matilda.

G. A. Shetter, of the Philipsburg base ball team, has left that town for a month's visit at York, Pa.

Miss Margaret Prescot, of New York, is visiting at the residence of Dr. H. K. Hoy, on Allegheny street.

Secretary Harvey, of the Bellefonte Y. M. C. A. with his family have hired the house on Penn street, owned by R. M. Magee.

Miss Debbie Rhoads, who has been visiting friends in Tyrone and Altoona for some weeks past, returned home last Saturday.

Howard Miles, who has been on a business trip in Kentucky, was brought to his home at Port Matilda sick a short time ago.

Gen. D. H. Hastings is expected home from his European trip in a few days. He is now in Philadelphia. Mrs H. will return with him.

J. C. Mattern, who has been keeping books for a firm in Philadelphia for some time back, is now at his parent's home in Buffalo Run very ill.

Misses Annie and Grace McBride of Bellefonte have gone to Franklin Pa where they will prepare to enter Wilson College at Chambersburg.

The lady who is to go up in a balloon to day will be on time the air ship reached Bellefonte several days ago. We expect the town will be crowded to day.

Geo. Brandon, Esq., of the Brokerhoff House is building a Hotel at Spangler, it is a frame structure 91—100 feet in size, Robert Cole of Bellefonte, is the architect.

Mrs. Elizabeth Guiswite, of Seglersville, Died last week Tuesday, aged 54 years. She leaves a husband and four children. She had suffered for a long time with dropsy.

John Olewine on Willowbank street is happy in the fact that a boy is added to his household. He presented himself last Saturday evening. The Mother is doing well.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Thomas, and family from West Philadelphia, are at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. V Thomas of Bellefonte. They will make them a long visit.

Mr. George E. Reilly and Miss Rose Bluebell, of Philipsburg, were married on Wednesday, August 10, at the Empire House, Tyrone. Rev. R. H. Wharton performed the ceremony.

Miss Blanche Long, accompanied with her friend Miss Katie Fusser, are spending a few weeks with friends in Howard, they are both accomplished young ladies and report having a very pleasant time.

Miss Margret Potter, of La Cross, Wisconsin, is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs George.L Potter, on East Linn St, Bellefonte. Mrs. Capt. Foot, of Florida, spent a few days there then went to Philipsburg on a visit to William P. Duncan.

The A. M. E Church of Bellefonte, held a picnic at Hunters Park last week Wednesday, about four hundred of our colored people were there one of the exciting amusements of the occasion was a game of base ball between a nine of ladies against a nine of gentlemen. They all had a very pleasant time.

Miss Mary Linn daughter of Hon John B Linn, of Bellefonte gave a party to her friends last week Tuesday evening at her fathers residence on Allegheney St. Miss Mame Schofield, entertained the assembly by music on the piano. The grounds were lighted by Chinieso. lanterns, Refreshments served at 11 o'clock, Dancing was kept up to a late Hour. It was a very enjoyable occasion.

—A People's Party convention will be held at Huntingdon on August 20 to nominate a county ticket.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT.

Handsome Memento in Honor of the 26th Emergency Regiment.

The 26th Regiment, Pennsylvania Emergency Volunteers, commanded by Col. W. W. Jenning, of Harrisburg, was the first regiment on the field of Gettysburg, and encountered a portion of Early's Divisian, resulting in a skirmish. Governor Beaver, in his last annual message, recommended an appropriation for a monument and the Legislature having passed a bill appropiating the money, the Association has erected a very handsome monument on the Chambersburg pike, at its junction with the Mineral Springs road The figure is that of a soldier, life size, standing up on a natural boulder, and is pronounced a fine work of art by those who have seen it.

The dedication will take place on Thursday afternoon, September 1st, at 2 o'clock with ceremonies, the address being delivered by the Hon. Samuel W. Pennypacker L. L. D., one of the judges of the Philadelphia courts, who was a private in the regiment. The Gettysburg Battlefield Commissioners, the Governor and other prominent State officials will de in attendance. For any further information persons should address Mr. Samuel H. Bentz, Lebanon, Pa., who is the secretary of the Association.

DORA.

On August 7th, 1892. Dora Gertrude, daughter or Michael and Nancy Fetzer, died aged 32 years and 5 days. The last words of the deceased were—"Jesus come take me home."

Will life's fever soon be over?
How I long to be at rest—
Where earth's sorrows cannot enter—
In the region of the blest.
In this bleak and cheerless desert
I no longer care to roam.
Oh! the ways of life are dreary.
"Jesus come" and "Take me home"

Oh! how long have I to suffer?
Ere I go beyond this pain—
Shall I soon pass over the river.
Shall I soon the heaven gain.
Oh! I do not care to linger
In this world so full of gloom.
I am weary Oh! so weary.
"Jesus come" and "Take me home."

Died—At Port Matilda Aug. 9, 1892, of abscess on the brain, Lester Woodring, aged 12 years, 3 months and one day. He was a son of Mrs. Maggie Woodring a widow with three children of whom the deceased was one. He was sick but a few days but he suffered much during that time; the lad will be missed by all the community but to the mother, sister and brother the loss will be the blight of a great sorrow which the hand of time can alone assuage. The poor mother will cry in her agony, "why should my darling be taken in the proper course of nature. I sbould have gone before; why was the little lad taken away and I left; and who can answer this question reasonably.

—The latest scientific invention out is a machine now undergoing a thorough test at Yale College, with which it is claimed it is possible to tell just how tired a person may be. If the machine proves a success it will doubtless have a large sale among employers who can then tell whether a man is really tired or simply lazy. We are seriously thinking of purchasing one for individual use, just to prove to our readers how overworked an editor is. Now if some enterprising inventor would only go to work and fix up a machine to compel subscribers to pay their subscriptions to their county papers promptly, we would feel that the crowning day of inventive genius had at last arrived.

HOUSE-BURNED IN UNION TWP.

On Tuesday morning August 9, at three o'clock, A. M. the house of Agustus Whitherite, near Cherry Run in Union township, was entirely consumed by fire together with the contents the family narrowly escaped being burned so sudden was the work of the destroying flame. The house was insured for six hundred dollars no insurance on furniture.

Died In Curtin township on Tuesday August 9 Mrs Virginia Mann wife of Robert Mann Jr aged 35 years 1 month and 1 day

She leaves a husband and three children to mourn her loss. Her maiden name was Haim. The funeral took place on Thursday August 11 at 10 o'clock A. M.

MARRIED.

Johnstonbaugh—Cronemiller—At Scotia, Pa., on August 2, 1892, by Rev. A Parker Wharton. Mr. D. W. Johnstonbaugh and Miss Jennie E. Cronemiller, both of Scotia

—The Kansas wheat crop alone for 1892 will amount to one bushel for every man, woman and child in the United States. If the crop of the whole country were equally divided every person in the country would have wheat to sell.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE